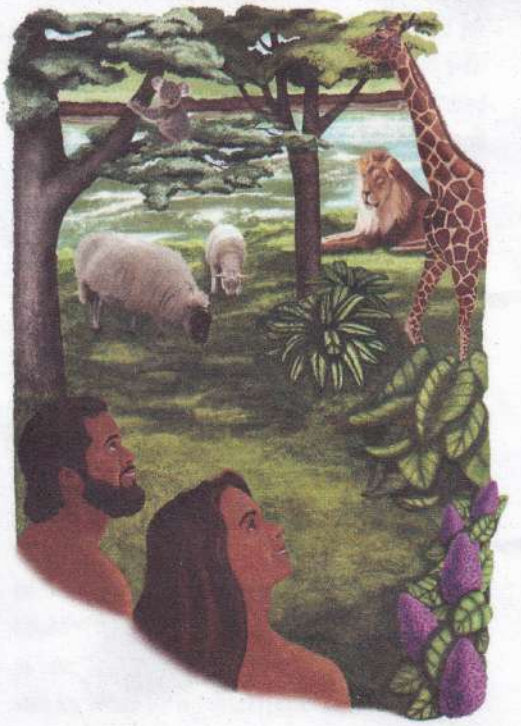
D.R.U.G.B.A.G.

DOING RIGHT UNDER GOD
BLESSED ALWAYS GAY

"Why should you think that beauty, which is the most precious thing in the world, lies like a stone on the beach for the careless passer-by to pick up idly? Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist fashions out of the chaos of the world in the torment of his soul. And when he has made it, it is not given to all to know it. To recognize it you must repeat the adventure of the artist. It is a melody that he sings to you, and to hear it again in your own heart you want knowledge and sensitiveness and imagination."

Trouble Begins



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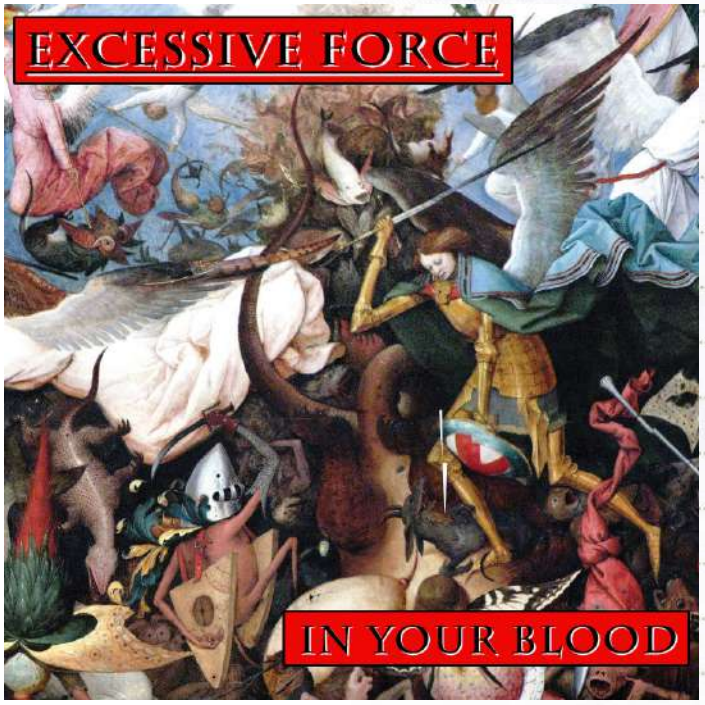
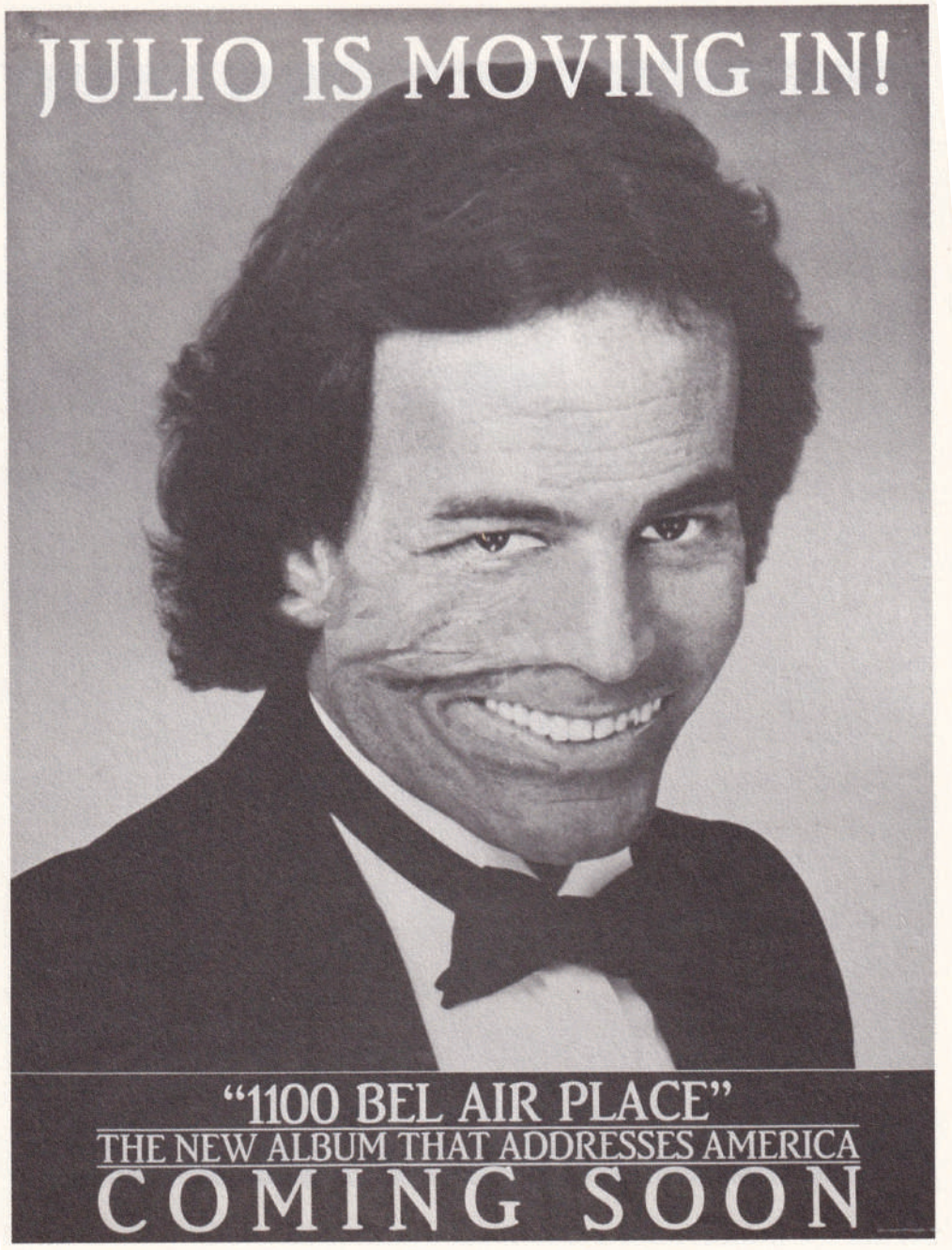


Good Album!

All of You
Julio Iglesias
Diana Ross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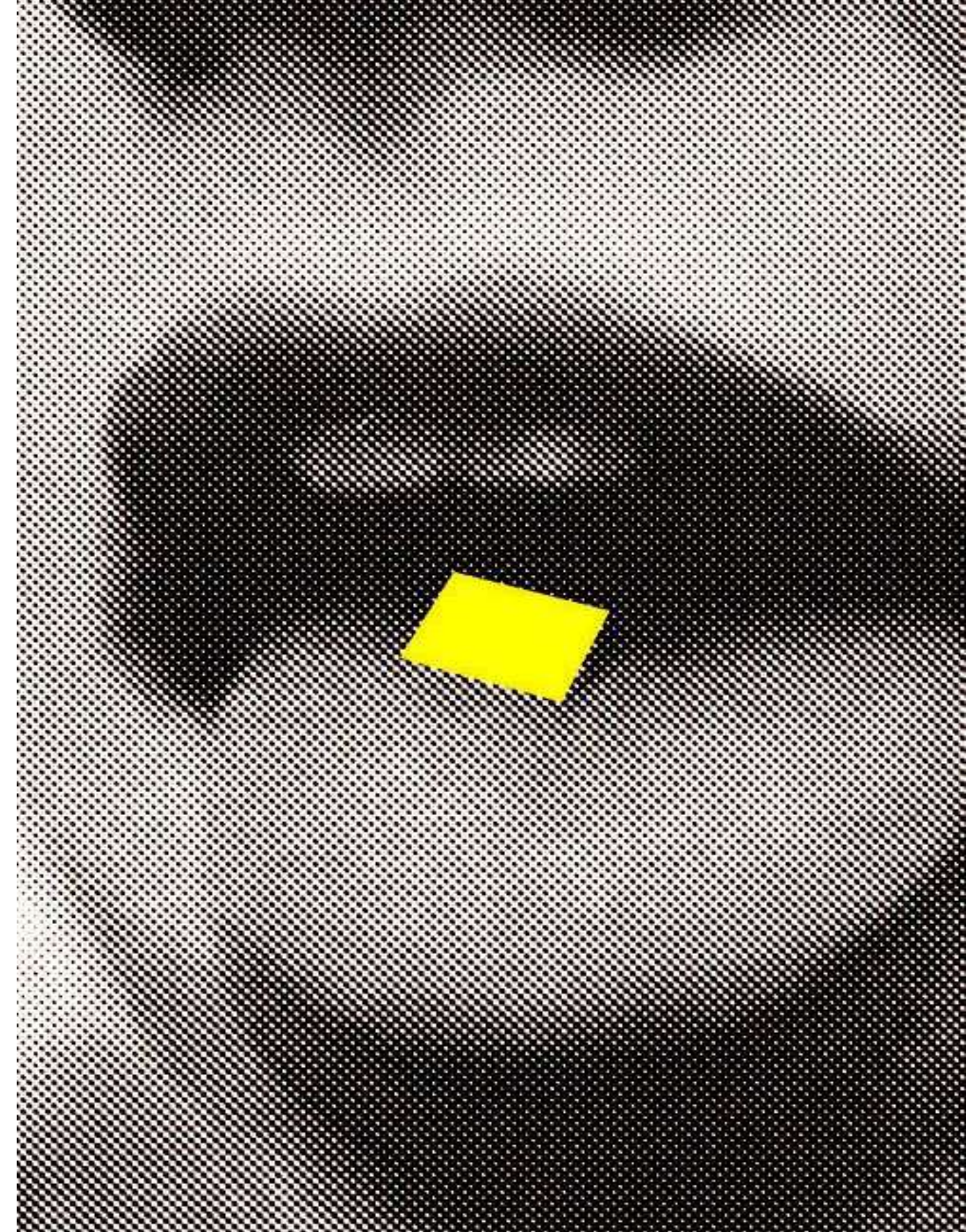


Blotter art was meant to be eaten. But if you've ever seen a full sheet, you'll understand the importance in preserving this certain Americana art for future enjoyment. LSD blotter art archivist and co-curator of The Blotter Barn, Mark McCloud, in collaboration with digital artist, Dana Smith, have taken great effort to present the collection of large scale photographic images of original blotters, that depict the art in forensic detail, revealing elements normally invisible to the human eye. This infamous collection known as The Institute of Illegal Images, rivaled only in size by the FBI's, has caused McCloud a legal headache or two but he wouldn't give it up for anything.

Mark McCloud's collection, also known as the "Institute of Illegal Images" is the most comprehensive collection of decorated LSD blotter paper in the world. As such, the collection has been the target of two criminal trials where McCloud was forced to defend not only the collection, but also his own liberty. The story behind these events is best told by journalists.

Circa 1977

Have you always lived in San Francisco?

MARK McCLOUD: No, I was raised in Argentina. My father went down there after the Second World War to build automobiles.

How did you get back to the United States?

MM: At twelve they sent me to a boarding school in LA, during the hippie revolution - 1966. It was like a chemistry lab for guinea pigs, and we got all the best drugs in the mail. That's how I got interested in LSD.

I heard it all started when you fell out a fourth-storey window...

MM: Oh yeah. I had like a death/rebirth experience, and then it correlated very heavily with my LSD experiences.

Were you doing a lot of LSD before then?

MM: Yeah, before, during, and after. I was also a '50s baby; a lot of '50s babies are LSD babies. The moms were given the base of acid, Gotamine Tartrate, to induce parting. That was a common thing. The doctors wanted to go golfing, so to speed up the parting they would give women LSD. If you know any '50s babies, they're probably acid kids.

This print depicts a single hit that was originally issued circa 1990. This enigmatic character was widely distributed throughout the U.S around 1990.

When did you become interested in blotter art?

MM: What happened was Stanley Owsley's pill press got busted. The major distribution of LSD was in pill form until he got busted. The FBI got 'em, back in '71. They busted him then put them all in jail. When his pill presses disappeared the need for blotter paper arose. There was a little acid on paper before then as a commercial enterprise, but it wasn't soaked it was just printed on there, like drops. The little printing presses here in San Francisco, a few of them started operating as small cells, began putting out these different images, and distributing LSD on them. And so I thought it would be cool to save an example of them to show our kids later.

Were you consciously trying to curate a collection of blotter art?

MM: It was subtle. I was scoring different little blotter images and window panes. Not all of them were blotters; some of them were on gels.

On gels?

MM: Yeah you know, like window pane acid? Some of them were gels. I was saving them in the freezer and sampling them occasionally, trying to make sure I didn't eat all of one pattern, trying to keep an example at least. Then I said, "Hey, why don't I frame a few?" I started off framing single hits, four-ways. As I started framing them and putting them up on the wall, people would say, "I saved a hit in a book that kicked my ass five years ago, why don't you have it?" That framed blotter started calling other blotter to it. That's how I compiled a little history of it.

The collection that you make available to the public are reproductions of original blotter art?

MM: They're forensic type photographs of originals. At my last trial, they had an FBI agent that had spent 300 hours of forensic study on the work, but he didn't have a single photograph. When I beat that trial and was acquitted, it took me a while to recover. When I recovered I knew I better do forensic style photographs.

Is it illegal to have blotter art? What is it they were trying to charge you with?

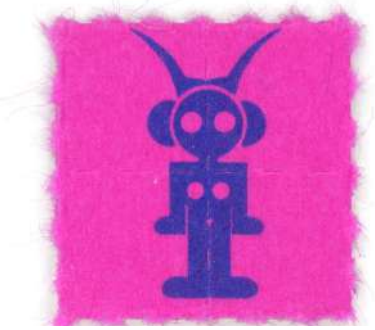
MM: They always try to nail me on manufacturing and distribution of LSD, the big one. But I don't want to get into that and worry too much about it. It just kind of comes with my job description: the guy that frames blotter and tries to keep it, so we have examples for the future. There's a lot of reasons to collect blotter. They're really cool art pieces and they're really important art pieces because they're the kind of art pieces that change your life.

Sometimes these printed images are thought of as a stamp of authenticity, or a mark of quality control, or a guaranteed prophecy for what the trip might bring...

MM: That's another way to look at it. The people that do the art work and dip the LSD are very much involved in this magical kind of ritual. Whatever is put into the print is important for the trip.

This print depicts 44 hits that were originally issued circa 1976. One of the very first full color print, perfed pieces. This issue was cutting edge in its time.

This print depicts 24 hits that were originally issued circa 1982. A tribute to the SNL character, Mr. Bill. Seen here juggling stars like the Sorcerer's Apprentice.



This print depicts a four - way hit that was originally issued circa 1992. Also called 'Liquid Sky' alluding to the movie, and the New York City skateboard shop.

This print depicts a four - way hit that was orginally issued circa 1977. These pre-perfed beauties may be the first sigil on blotter.

This print depicts 24 hits that were orginally issued circa 1990. These beautiful four ways were some of the best loved blotters of all time. Also one of the last four ways ever issued.

This print depicts 8 hits that were originally issued circa 1983. Also known as Baby Ganja. This design was also issued in red with a stronger dose. Beautiful and enigmatic.

Paper is really difficult to date, how do you date the blotter?

MM: When they first started dipping paper, sometimes there was actual blotter paper used. More often then not, it was the type of paper used in medical facilities, like chromatography paper or litmus paper. It's the kind of paper that's germ free. When they first started dipping acid, they thought it was necessary. The first blotter is this puffy chromatography paper, and then it moved onto blotter paper, and then it moved into any paper that doesn't contain bleach. That's the only rule to remember when you're making your own blotter is: don't use the bleached paper because the bleach will neutralize the LSD. When they first started making blotter, they set all their colors in either gold or silver ink so they wouldn't run when they put them into an alcohol solution with your LSD. Nowadays, with the soy based inks, they don't run in alcohol, and you can save yourself a lot of hassle. That's generally the only rule in paper because they've tried everything. They've even put it on rice paper and there's one on the site that's from 2004 and it's done through a computer printer, not an offset printer.

What do you think about that?

MM: I like it. I think variety is the spice.

I'm really surprised computers have crept into this field too.

MM: I think, if they get the formula right, they'll be able to email it.

Are you seeing a resurgence in psychedelia and LSD at the moment?

MD: I'm so fanatical about it that I've never seen it do anything but increase. To me it's been a renaissance pill. I think that a lot of artists and intellectuals took it and through their good intentions it's been snow balling ever since, regardless of the statistics of the FBI. It's ever on the increase I would think, just by looking at the 875,000 LSD sites on the Net. To me it's an ever increasing thing depending on how much sensationalism is attributed to it, whether it's in the news or not.

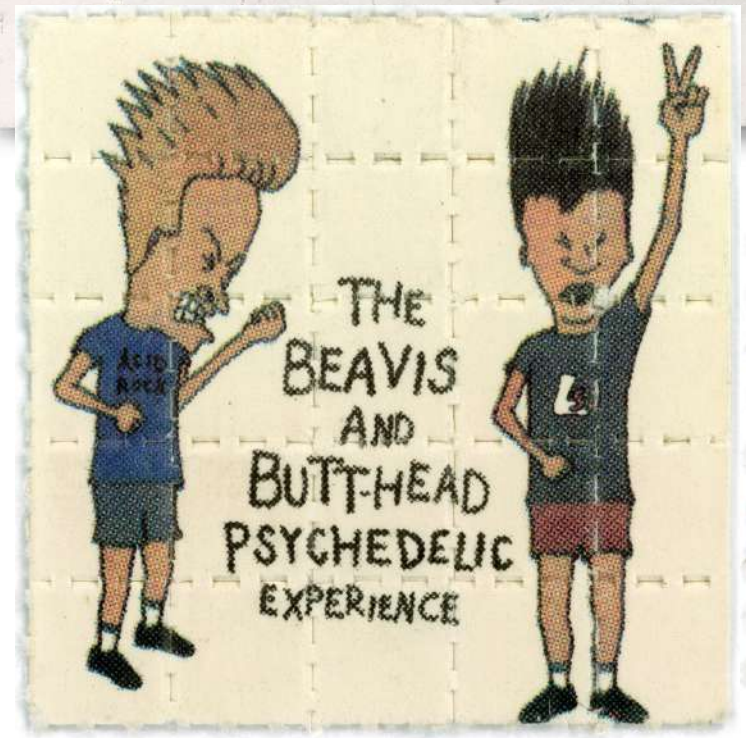
Is there anyone else that has a collection that rivals yours?

MM: I would say the other biggest collection is probably the FBI. They have an example of everything I have. They kept it after my last trial - they snuckered it - but I have no problem with that. They don't show their collection, I show mine. Someday after the revolution, we will show their collection along with mine.

What kind of stuff does the FBI have?

MM: Just all the stuff they've busted. I have a reporter friend who works for The Washington Post, and he went to see their collection and said mine was better. I say try a little honey instead of busting everyone.

FLY
RKL


THE
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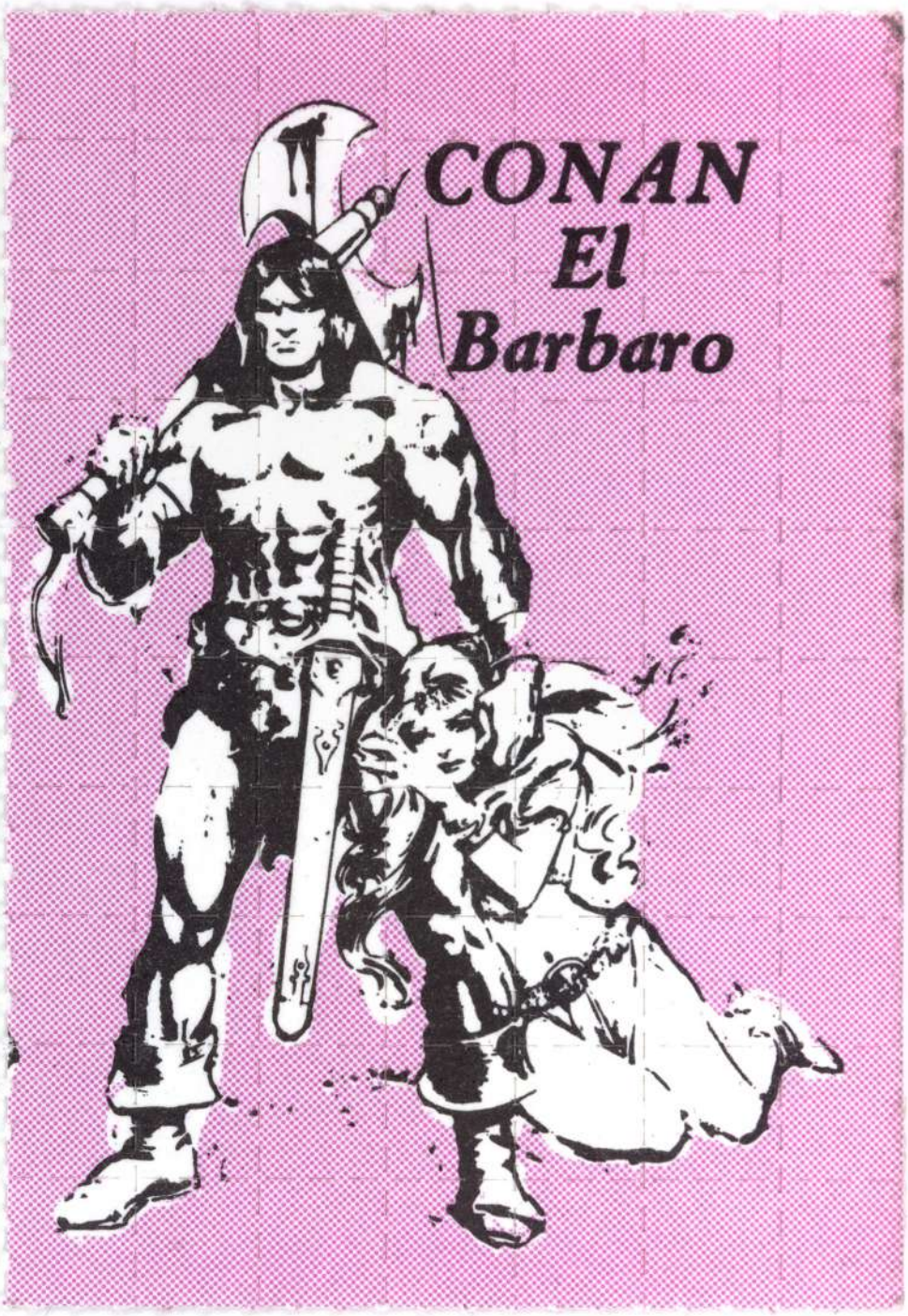
PSYCHEDELIC
EXPERIENCE


CONAN
El
Barbaro

What is the Holy Grail of blotter art? And which is your favorite of your collection?

MM: I'd really like a Mr. Natural, but it's not a big deal. I have the image. One that I have that I like a lot is The Tetragramaton.

The Tetragramaton's serious.

MM: It's a very serious topic. It's funny but it's also serious. Everybody that trips, has one trip they compare the rest of their trips to. That's what's going on with the imagery I think, if you're that observant. A lot of people don't even look at it, they just snarf it.

Few people get to see whole full sheets.

MM: It's very rare to see a full sheet. I spent a long time collecting before I connected with the full sheet. It was much harder to get undipped sheets when I started collecting. Now you just have to get on eBay and you can get a lot of blotter, some of it vintage. When I started collecting it was easier to buy dipped sheets, than to get that close to a source that might have sheets that are undipped.

Can you let us in on any big acid rumors?

MM: The really good one that's in the history books is Ronnie Starks, who was the head of The Brotherhood of Eternal Love and a CIA agent. Apparently he filled a cargo trunk full of LSD crystal and hid it in Death Valley at a depth where it wouldn't fall victim to hot weather, oxygen and ultra violet light.

Have you heard anything about The Grateful Dead burying capsules of LSD?

MM: Oh yeah, that one comes up all the time. The old chemist drags out the shovel, goes out in the back yard and drags out something very old. Then Mountain Girl complains about that it's not as good as it used to be.

Is it possible for LSD to deteriorate over time?

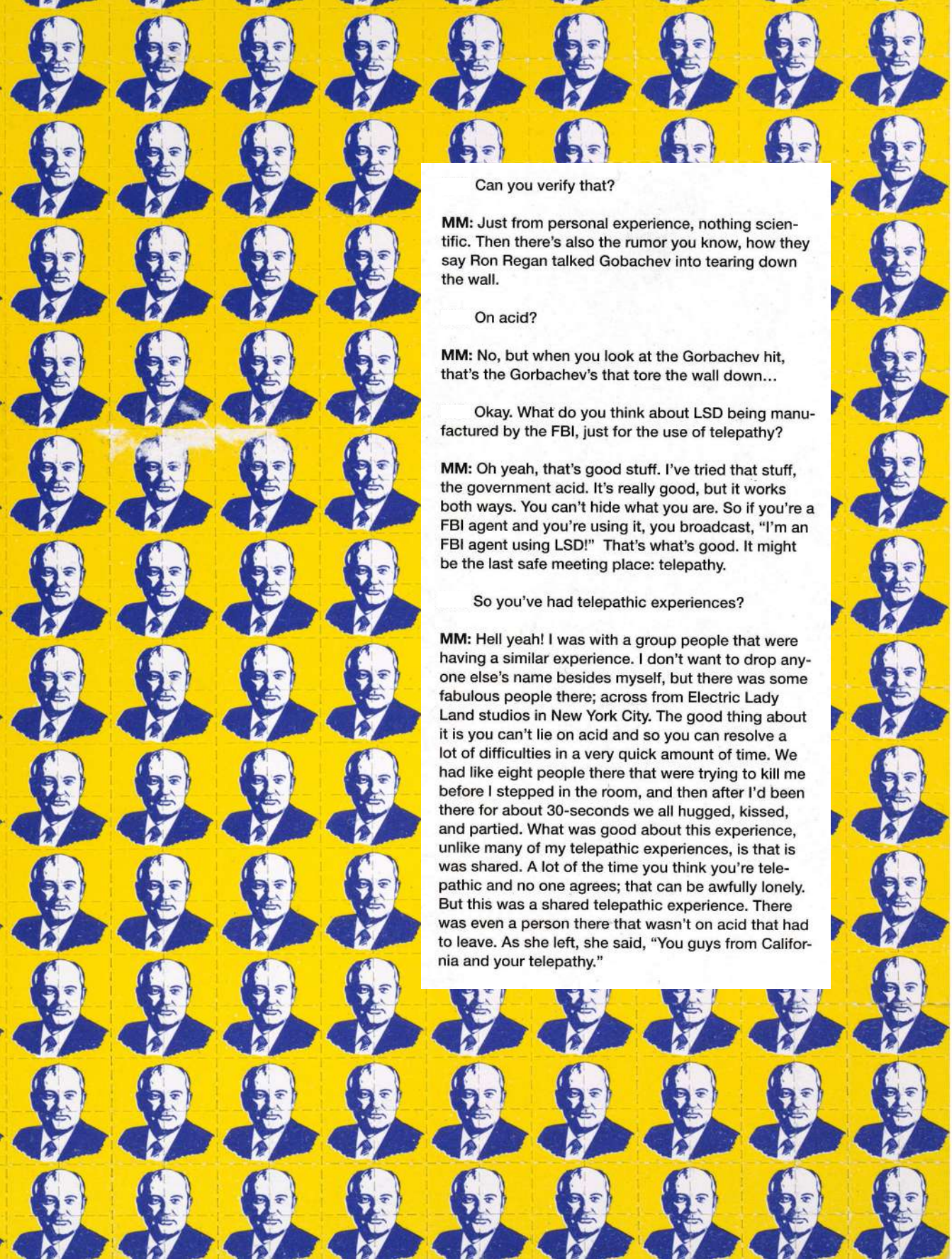
MM: Yeah, it can spoil, but it's not as bad as people think.

What would happen if you did a tab of spoiled acid?

MM: It just wouldn't be as strong. It's kind of like Uranium. It has a half life and a quarter life and so on. The spent LSD is called Iso-LSD. It's the non psychotropic substance. That's how I get away with showing my Iso-theories; I've converted the LSD into Iso-LSD, a non psychedelic substance.

Do you microwave it?

MM: No, just by exposing the sheets to light and oxygen you neutralize LSD. My idea was just by framing them, I'm Iso-ing them. The rumor is, if you get an Iso and dip it again, it'll be twice as strong.



Can you verify that?

MM: Just from personal experience, nothing scientific. Then there's also the rumor you know, how they say Ron Regan talked Gobachev into tearing down the wall.

On acid?

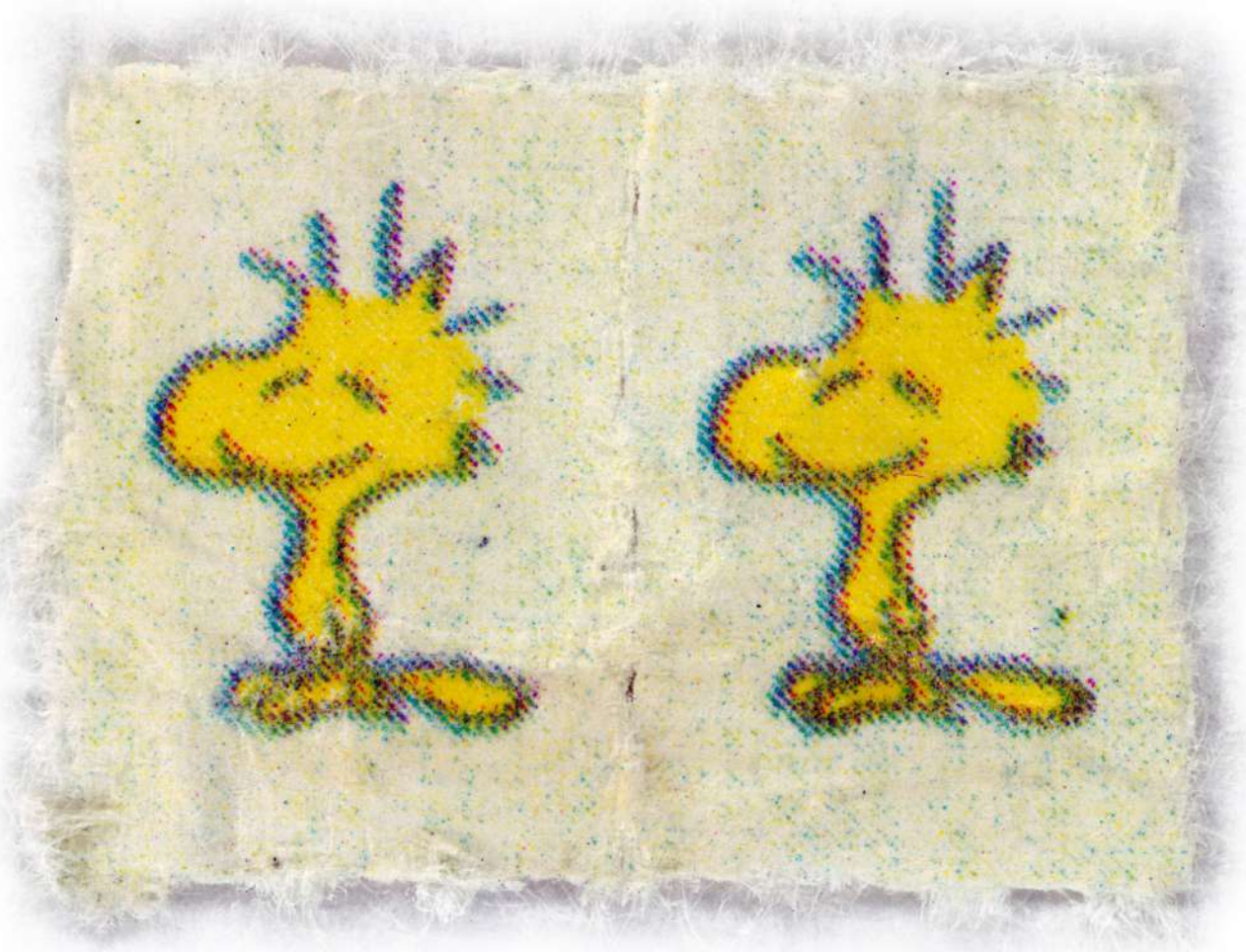
MM: No, but when you look at the Gorbachev hit, that's the Gorbachev's that tore the wall down...

Okay. What do you think about LSD being manufactured by the FBI, just for the use of telepathy?

MM: Oh yeah, that's good stuff. I've tried that stuff, the government acid. It's really good, but it works both ways. You can't hide what you are. So if you're a FBI agent and you're using it, you broadcast, "I'm an FBI agent using LSD!" That's what's good. It might be the last safe meeting place: telepathy.

So you've had telepathic experiences?

MM: Hell yeah! I was with a group people that were having a similar experience. I don't want to drop anyone else's name besides myself, but there was some fabulous people there; across from Electric Lady Land studios in New York City. The good thing about it is you can't lie on acid and so you can resolve a lot of difficulties in a very quick amount of time. We had like eight people there that were trying to kill me before I stepped in the room, and then after I'd been there for about 30-seconds we all hugged, kissed, and partied. What was good about this experience, unlike many of my telepathic experiences, is that is was shared. A lot of the time you think you're telepathic and no one agrees; that can be awfully lonely. But this was a shared telepathic experience. There was even a person there that wasn't on acid that had to leave. As she left, she said, "You guys from California and your telepathy."



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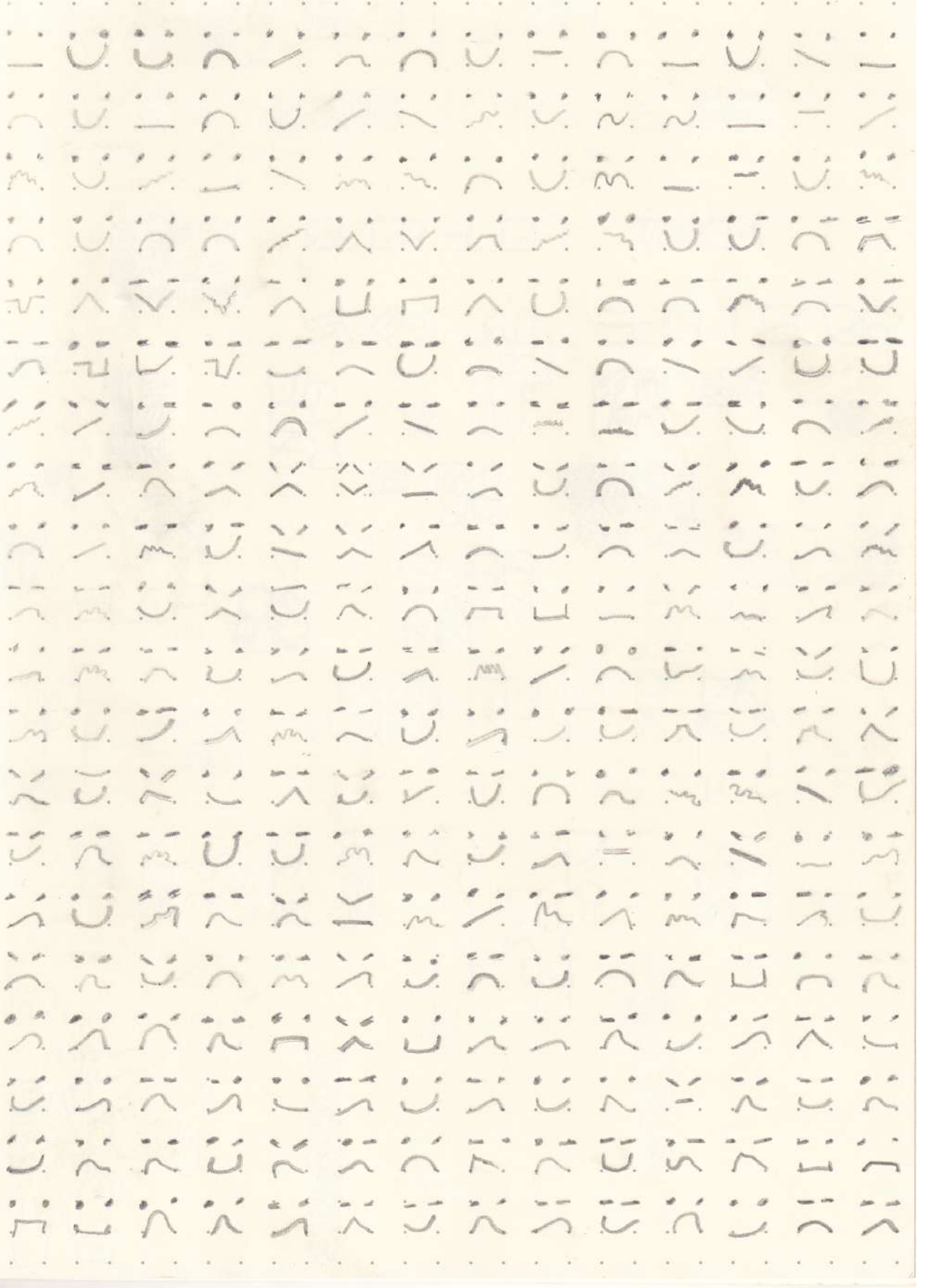

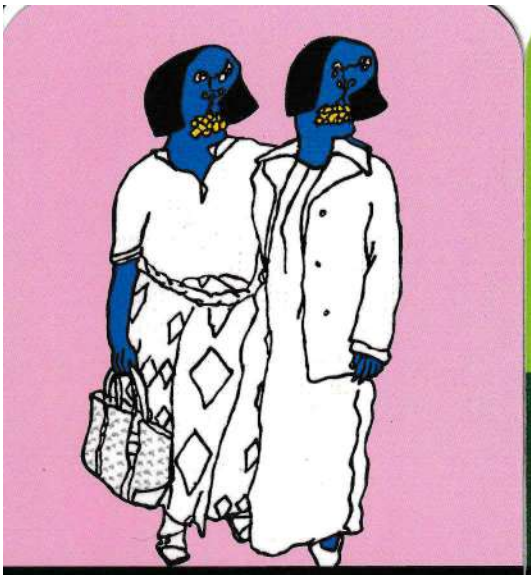

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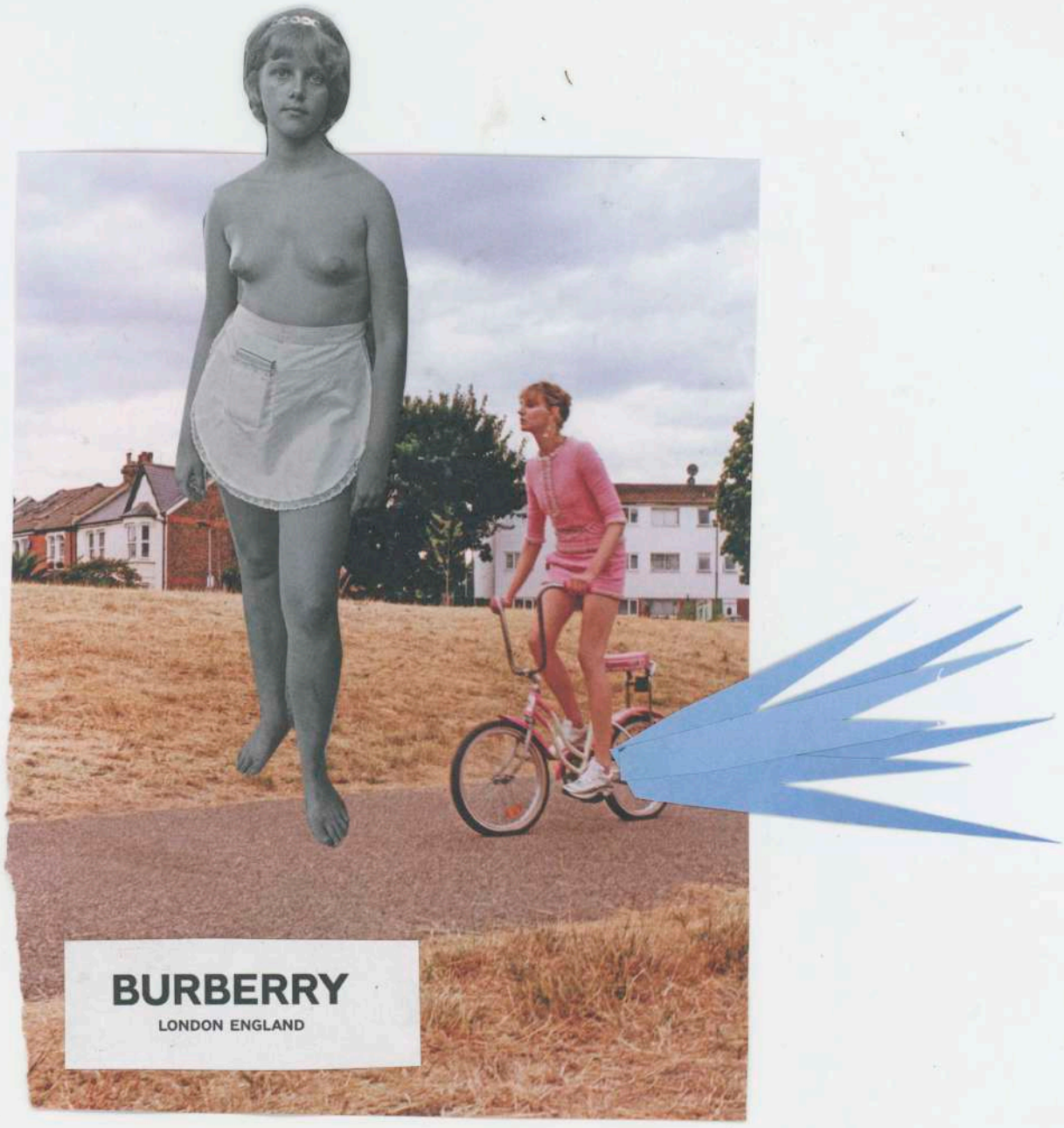
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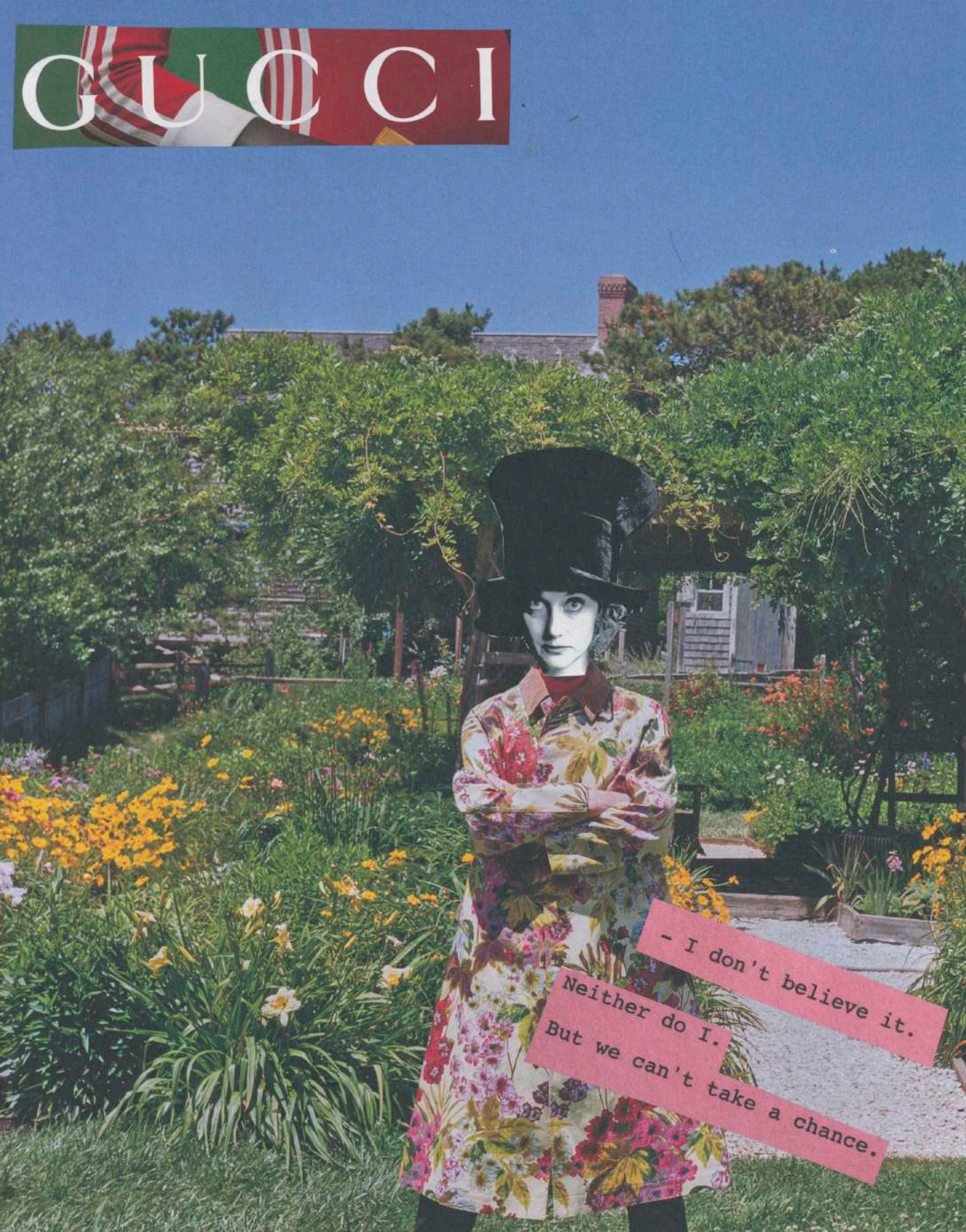
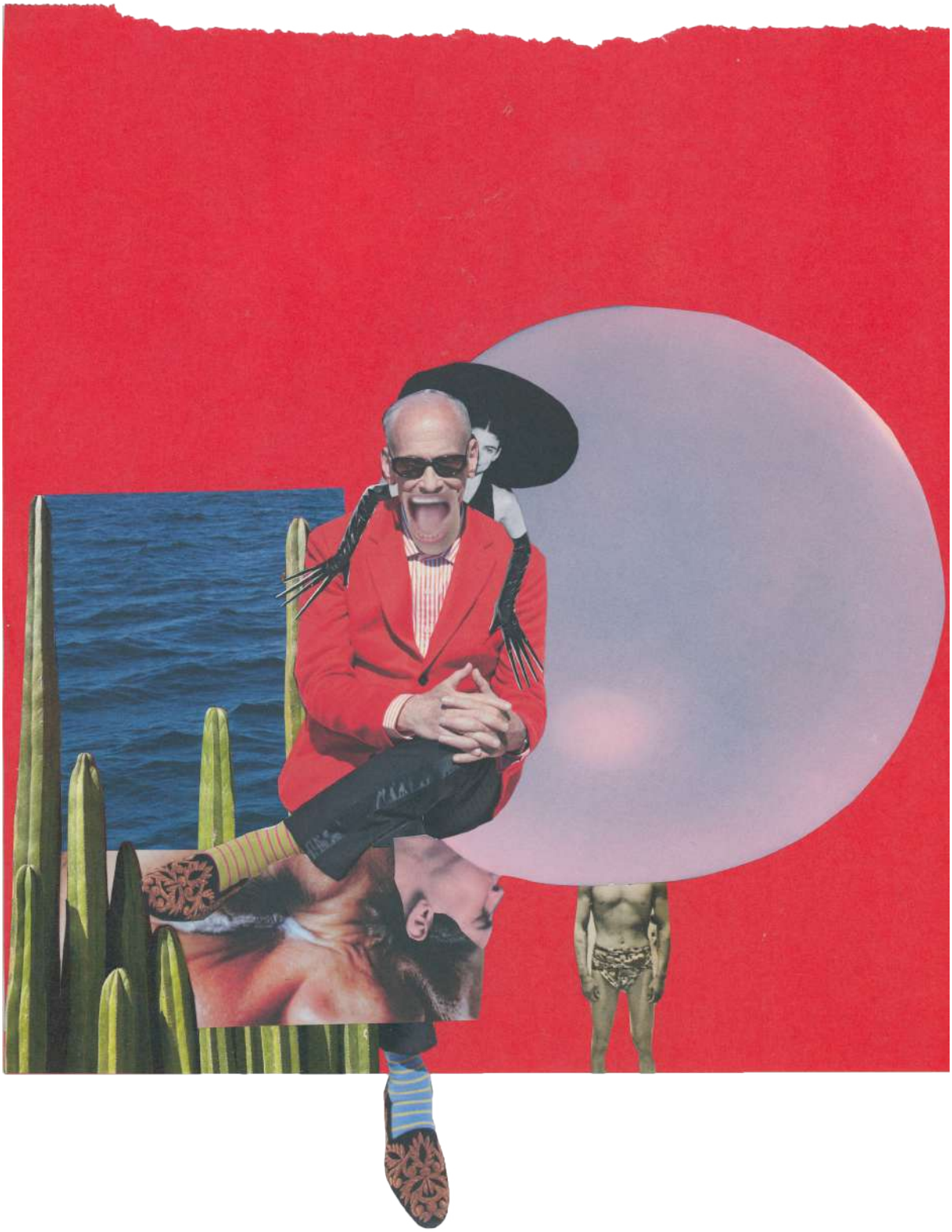
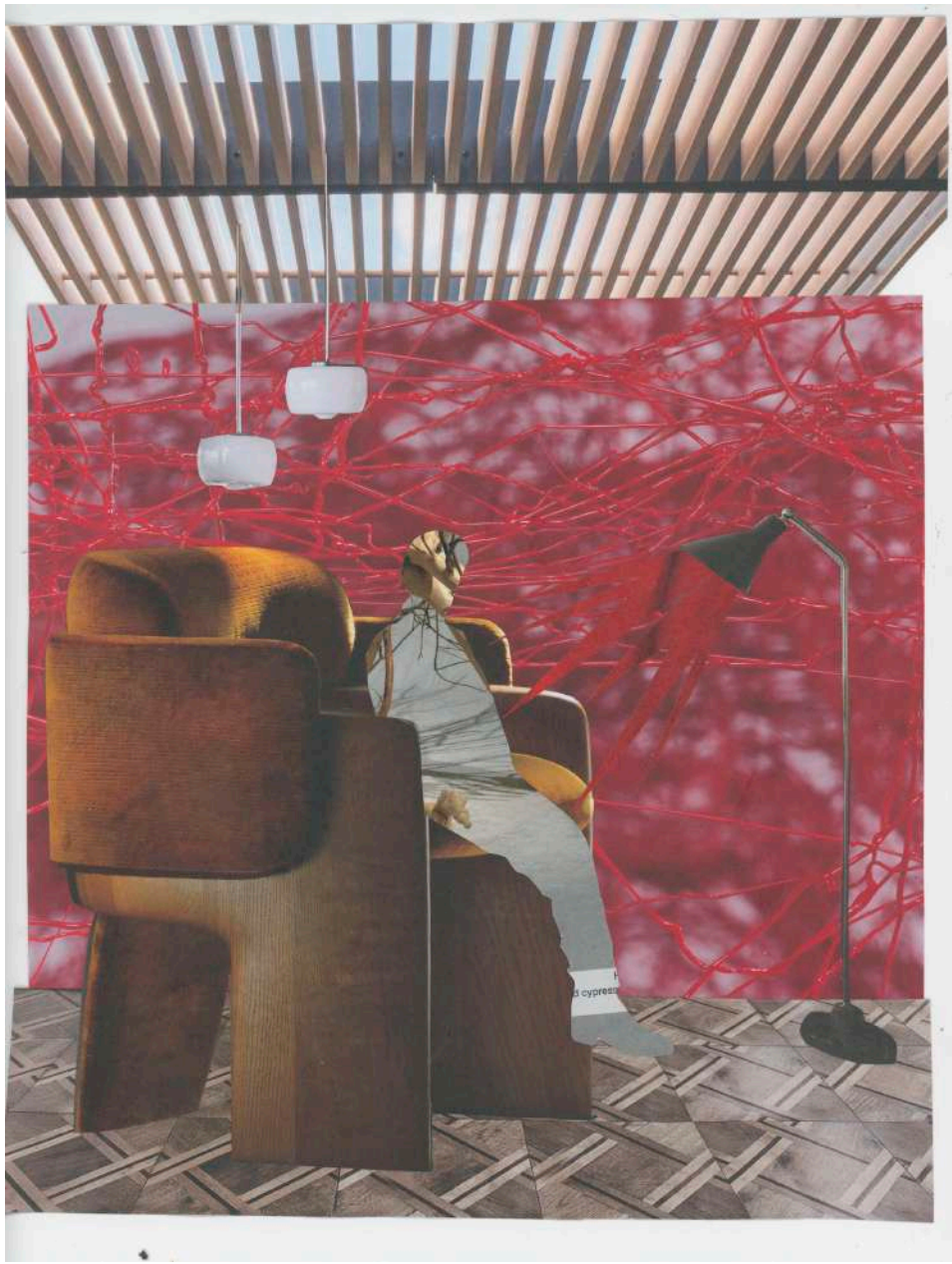
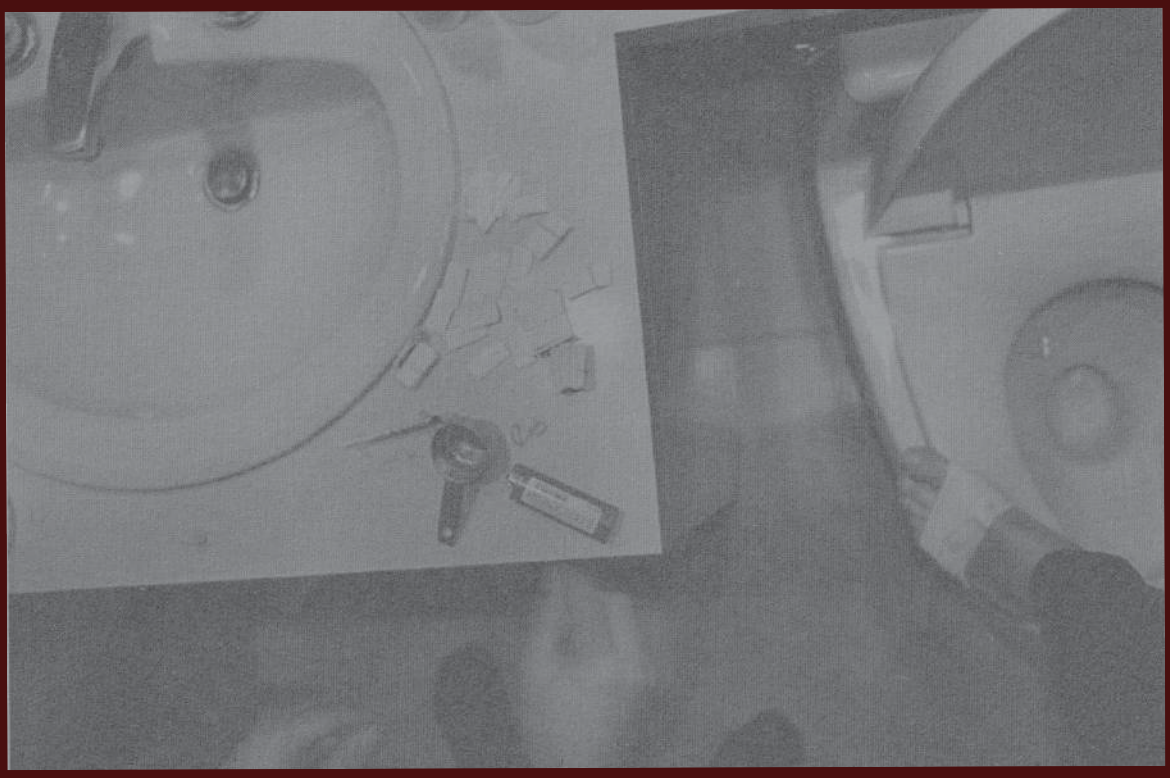

GUCCI
- I don't believe it.
Neither do I.
But we can't take a chance.







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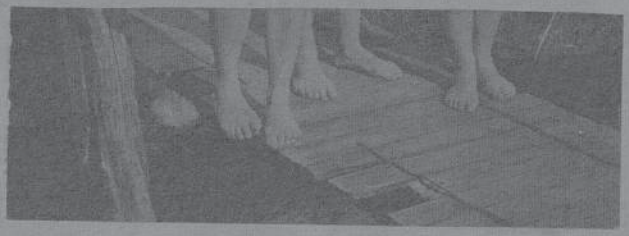

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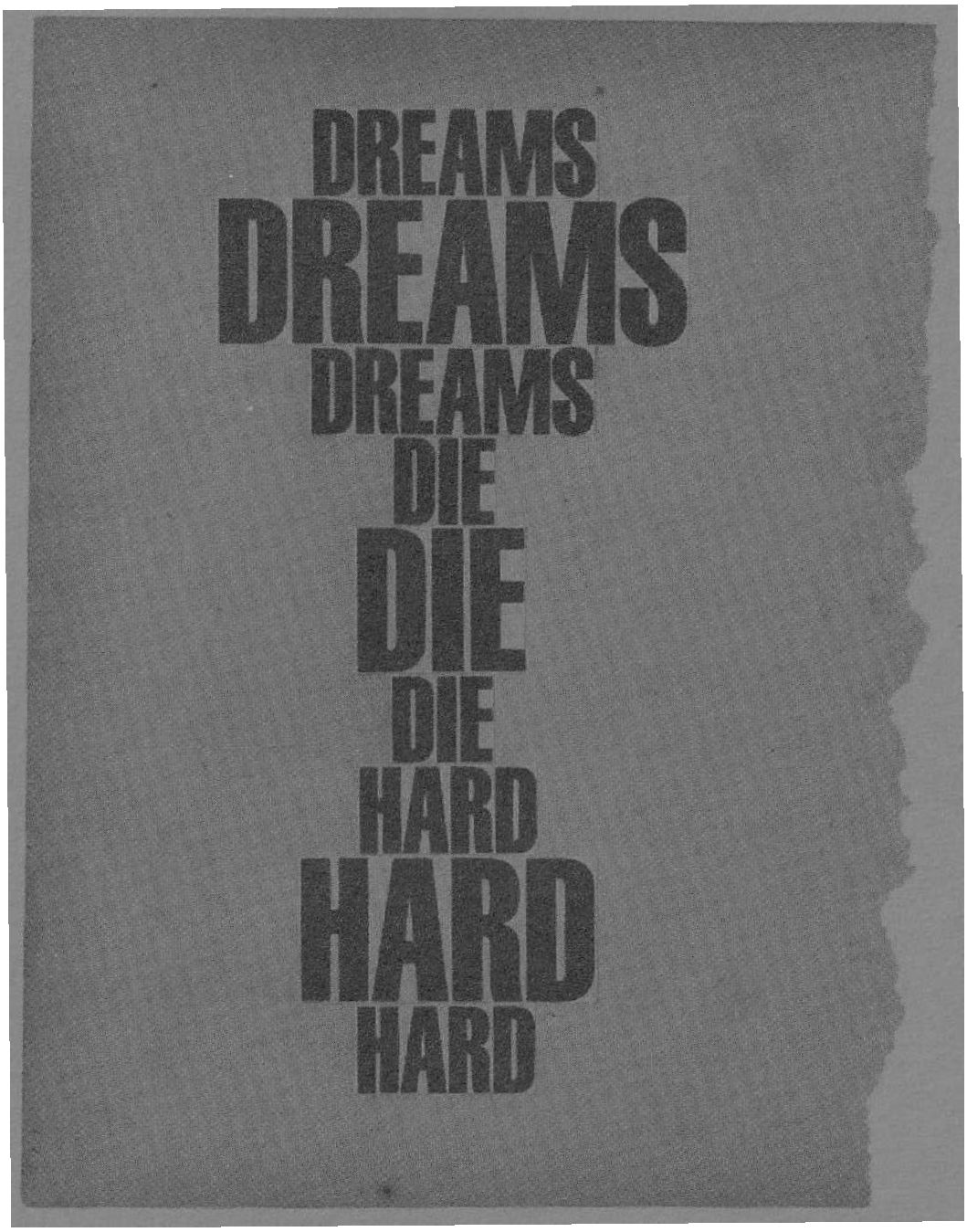
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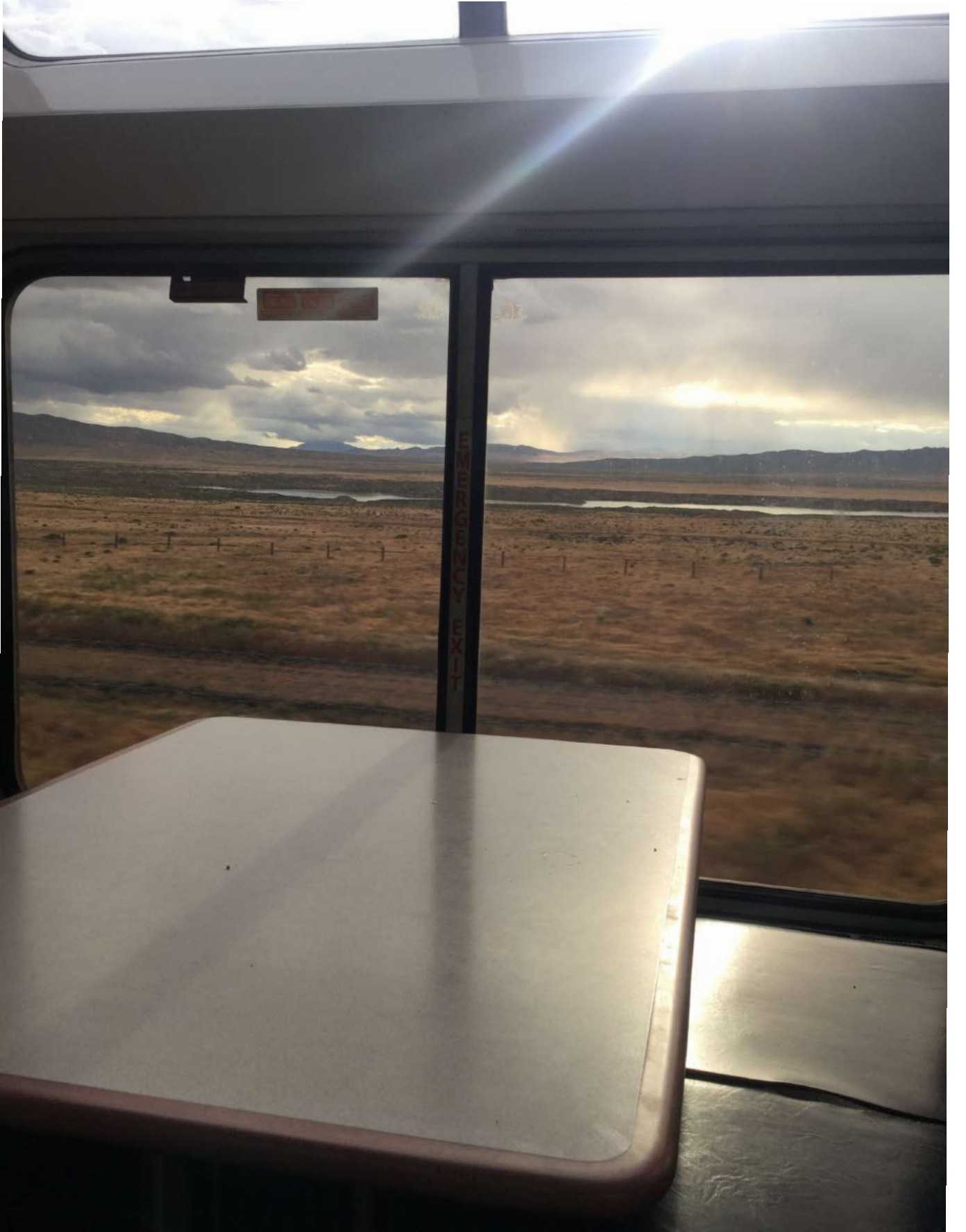
COME ROLL WITH ME BABY!
TM
MDMA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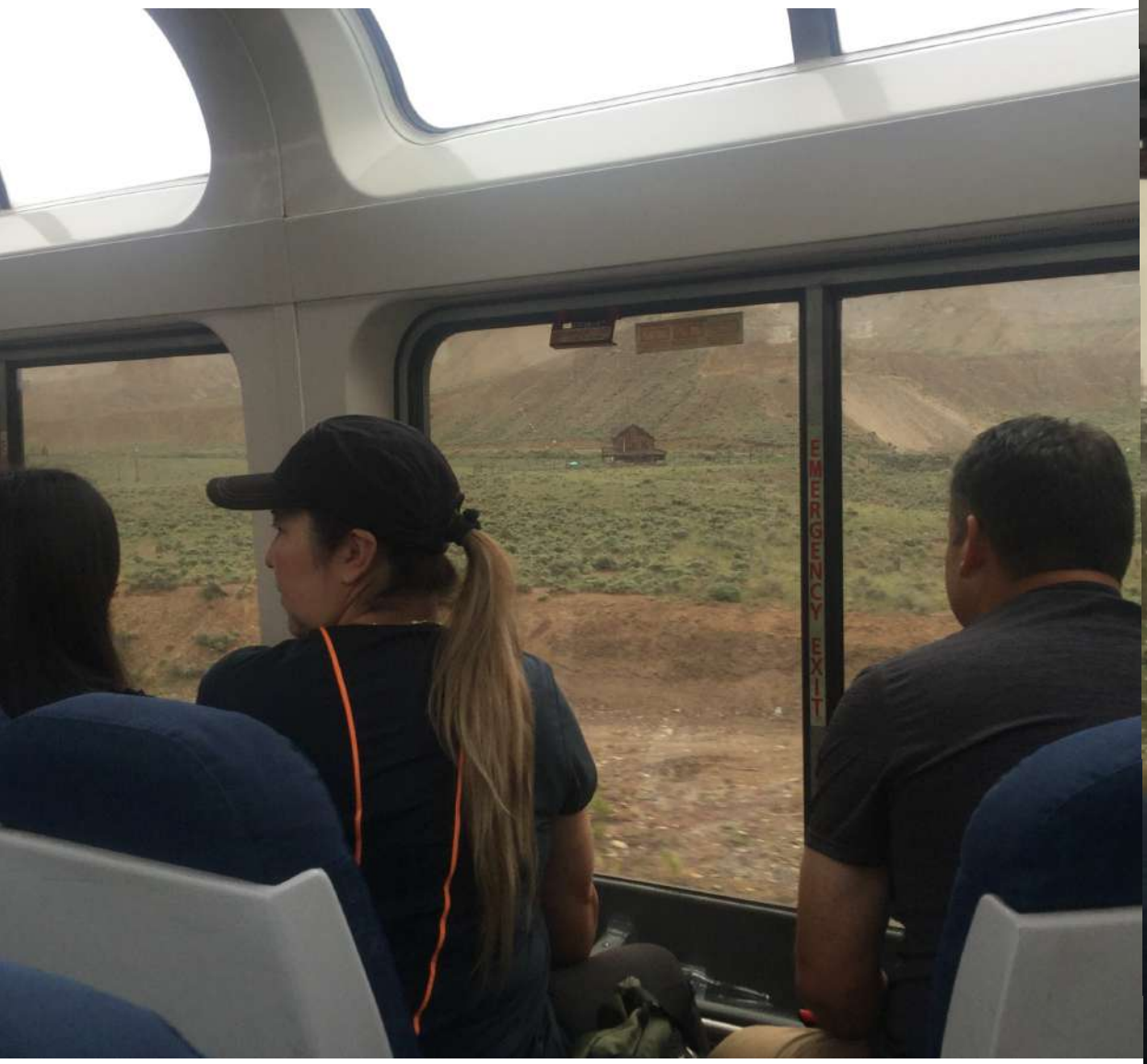
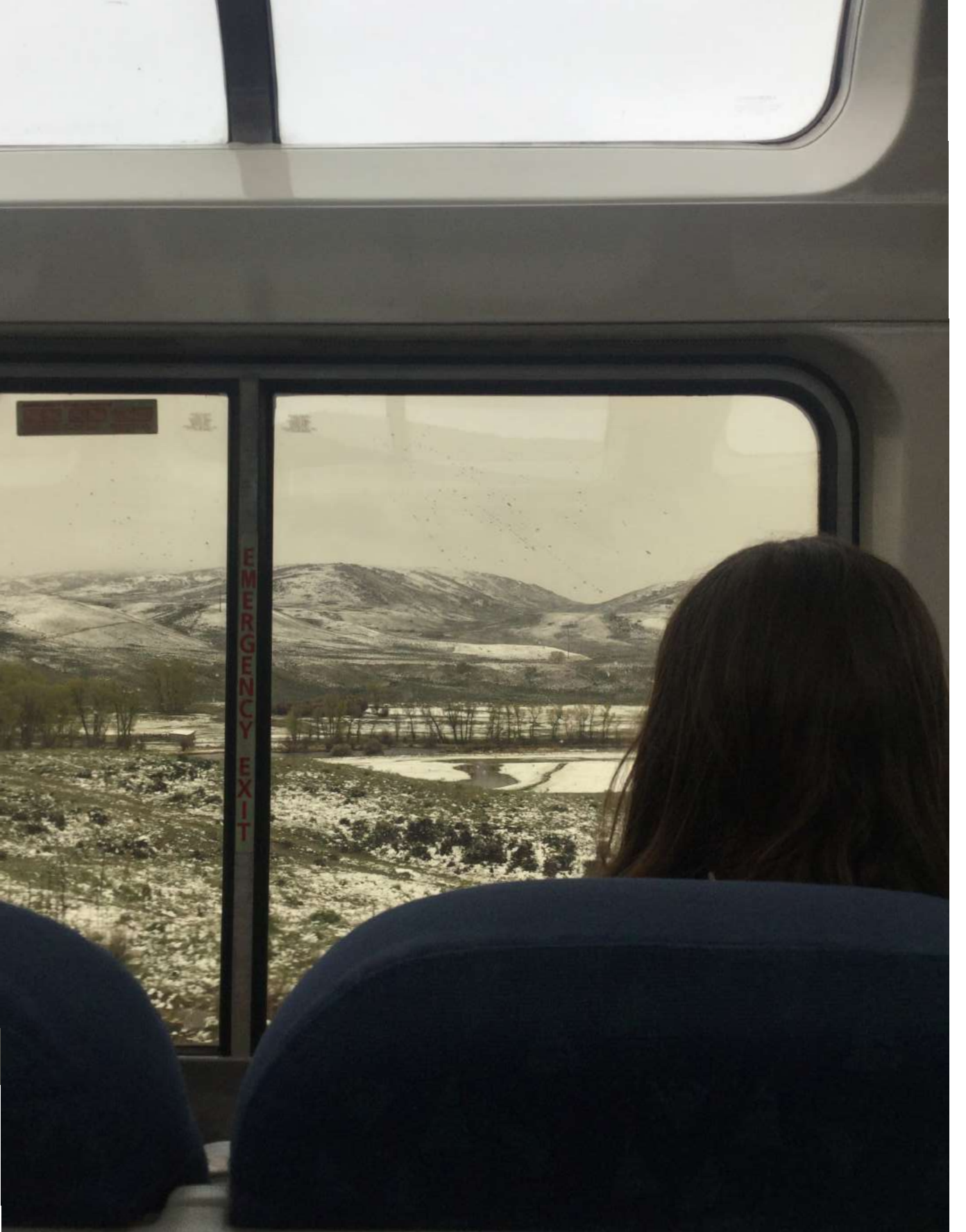
seating

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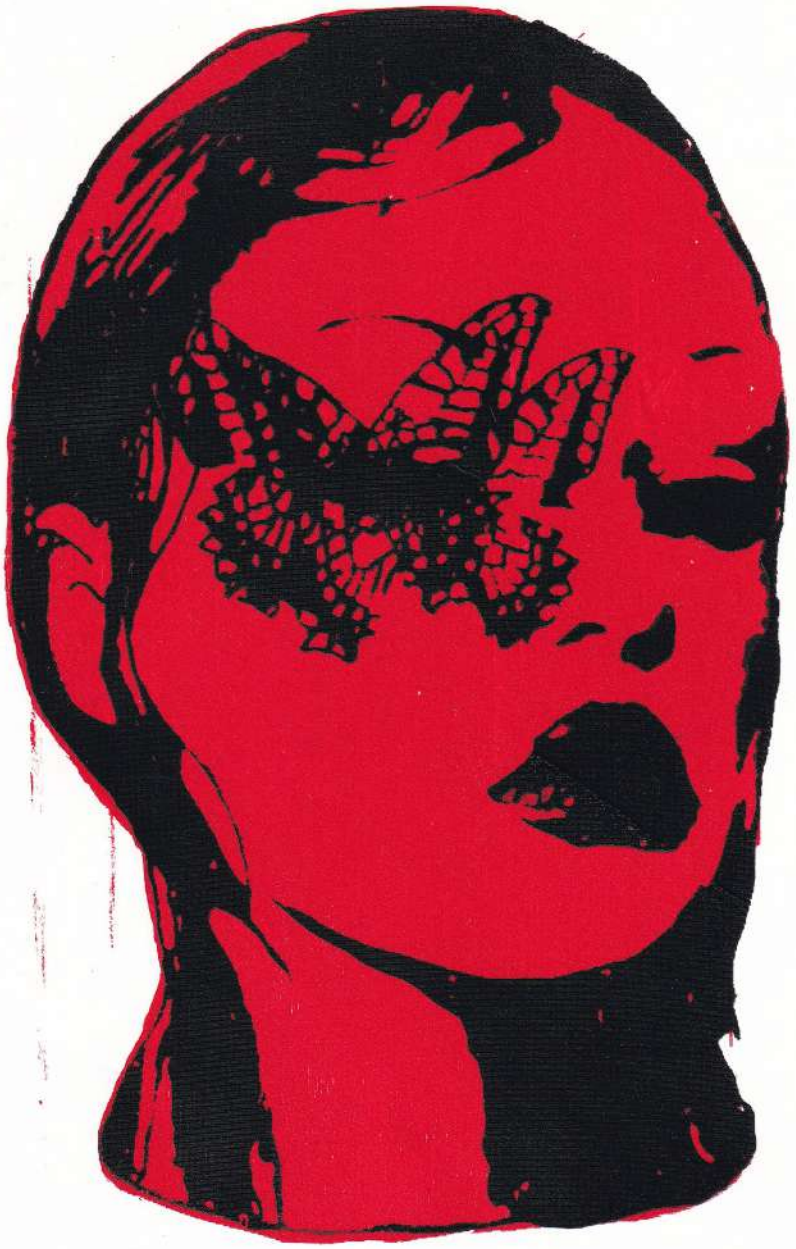

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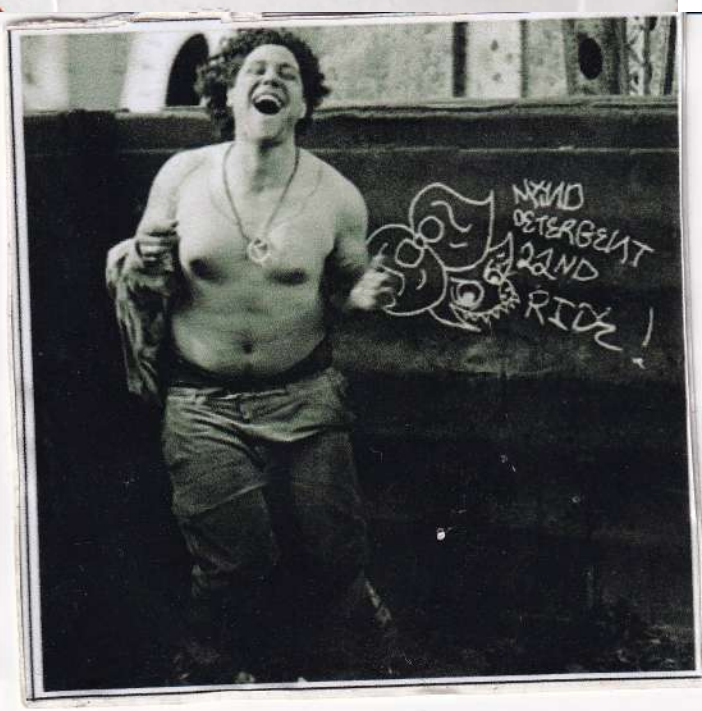

ALDO MONDINO

JUNE/JULY

Exposé 1978-85 Acrylic on canvas 31½ x 47"

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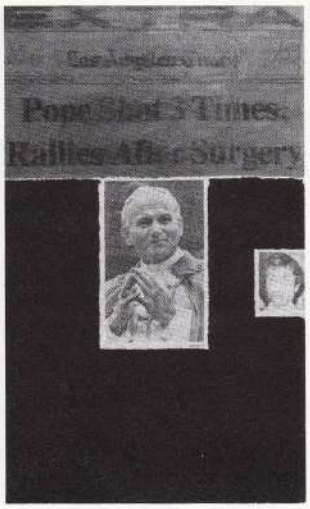
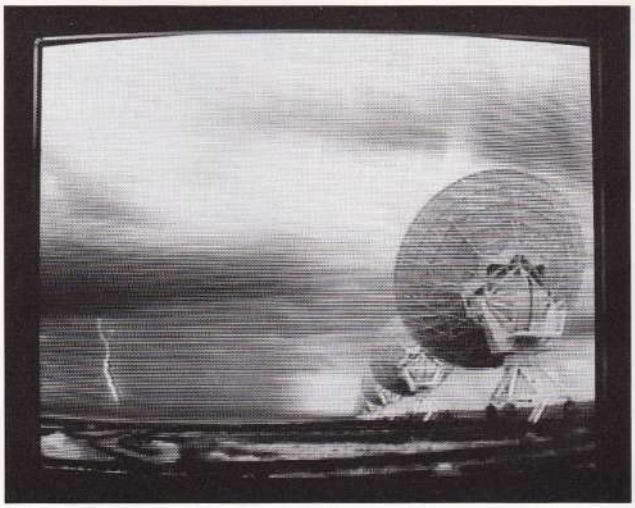
Kathe Burkhart, *Prick*, 1987, acrylic, metal leaf, fabric, and Con-Tact paper on canvas, 84 × 110".

Contraband, *Oracle*, 1988. Performance view: Sara Shelton Mann (left) and Jess Curtis.

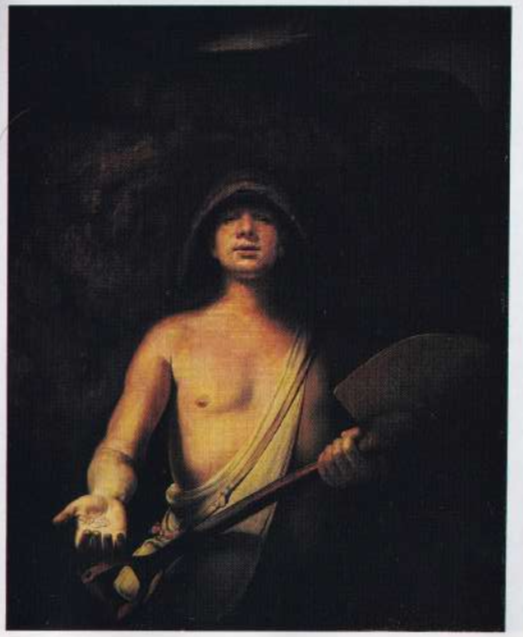


Doug Hall, *Pope Shot 3 Times*, 1981, oilstick on newspaper, 16¼ × 24½".



Doug Hall, *Storm and Stress*, 1986, still from color videotape, 50 mins.

Alex Katz Cutouts at Robert Miller New York



ODD NERDRUM

Man with Cornseed,
oil on canvas, 54" x 44"

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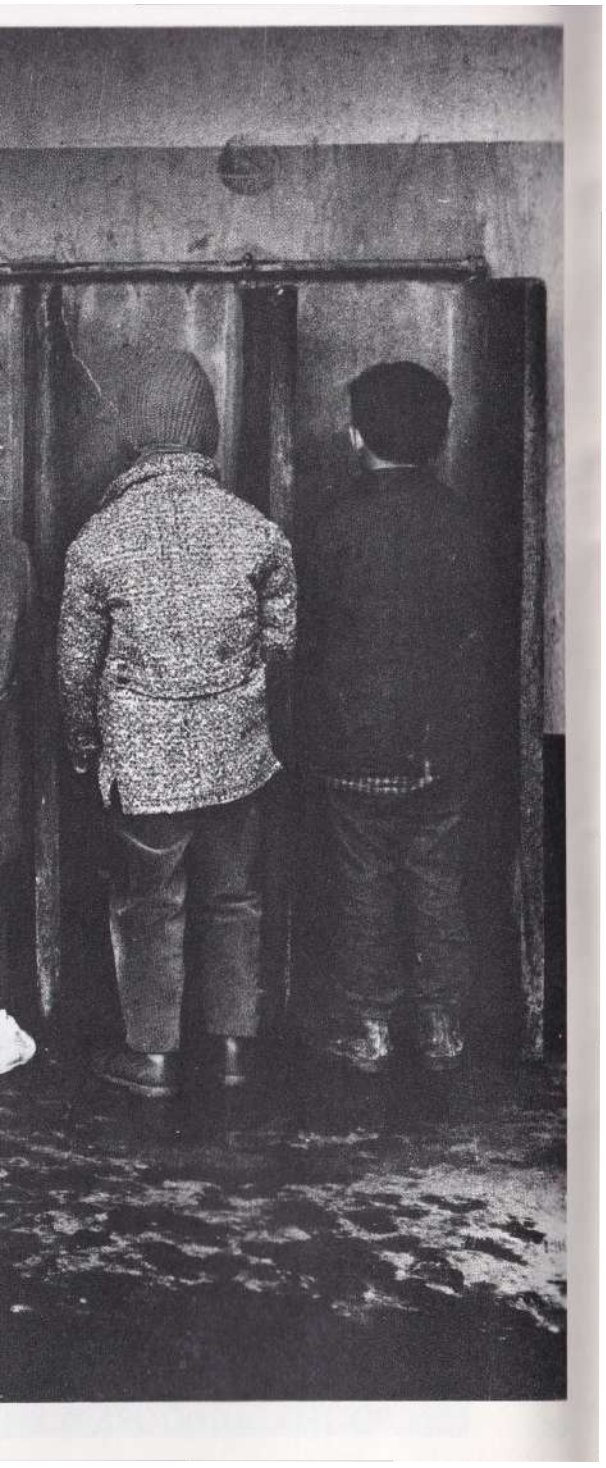
Robert Doisneau, *Le pigeon indiscret* (The indiscreet pigeon), 1964, black and white photograph

Robert Doisneau



"The man who feels," said Horace Walpole in a celebrated *mot*, "will see life as a tragedy; the man who thinks will view it as a comedy." We're discouraged from analyzing comedy because rational words seem always to trail behind and to betray the spirit of the subject. If Walpole was right, though, there may be an element of calculated reason that aids a comic view, a slow process that nourishes a fast humor.

What if it's said: "We think, therefore we must eventually laugh"? Thought can introduce us to the comic because it comprehends how often the vanities of the ego can be tripped up by the realities of the world. It's not as if the comic insight is basically unkind but rather that it's detached from human fate. The critical motion of comedy disengages us from our limitations and frustrations, and those of others. Once discovered, however, the actual constraints on our powers and resources are a potentially tragic finding that impels a new compassion for our lot.

One wonders how photography, a spatial art whose images are produced in a split-second, can ever attain any affective depth, comic or tragic. One would seem to need more than a glimpse of a scene, a stimulus through time, to react either way. Yet an instant can be quite enough for an opportune eye to undermine the pretensions of its subjects. Such an event might induce surprise, but a comic possibility is suggested only when surprise appears to exaggerate the silly fate or bad luck or absurd antics of the actors in a play, unknown to themselves. If there's a disaster in such scenes, comedy insists that it be minor and temporary. For then we don't have to forgive ourselves for enjoying the plight of our fellow beings. Comedy reveals the burlesque of our self-regard, and yet gives us the consciousness, the saving laughter, to defeat it.

Many of the people shown in the work of the French photographer Robert Doisneau act as straight men or women—that is, as mock victims in a comedy. They're the ones to whom unfortunate things happen, but whose dignity is never ruffled. They're never compromised nor wounded by the frequent jokes made at their expense, but they're never fully alert to them, either. Their obtuseness can be really exquisite. Doisneau makes us laugh at it, but as we do so we also laugh at ourselves.

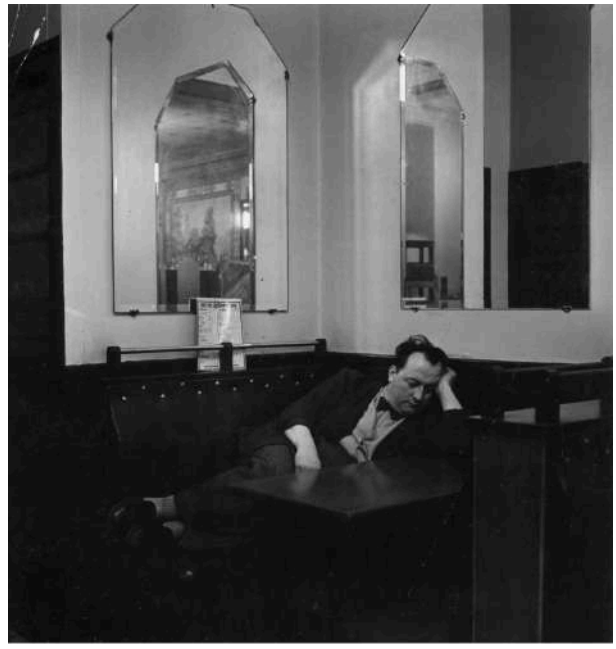
The mischief at work in his art is that of the humorist rather than of the satirist. A humorist can be touched by

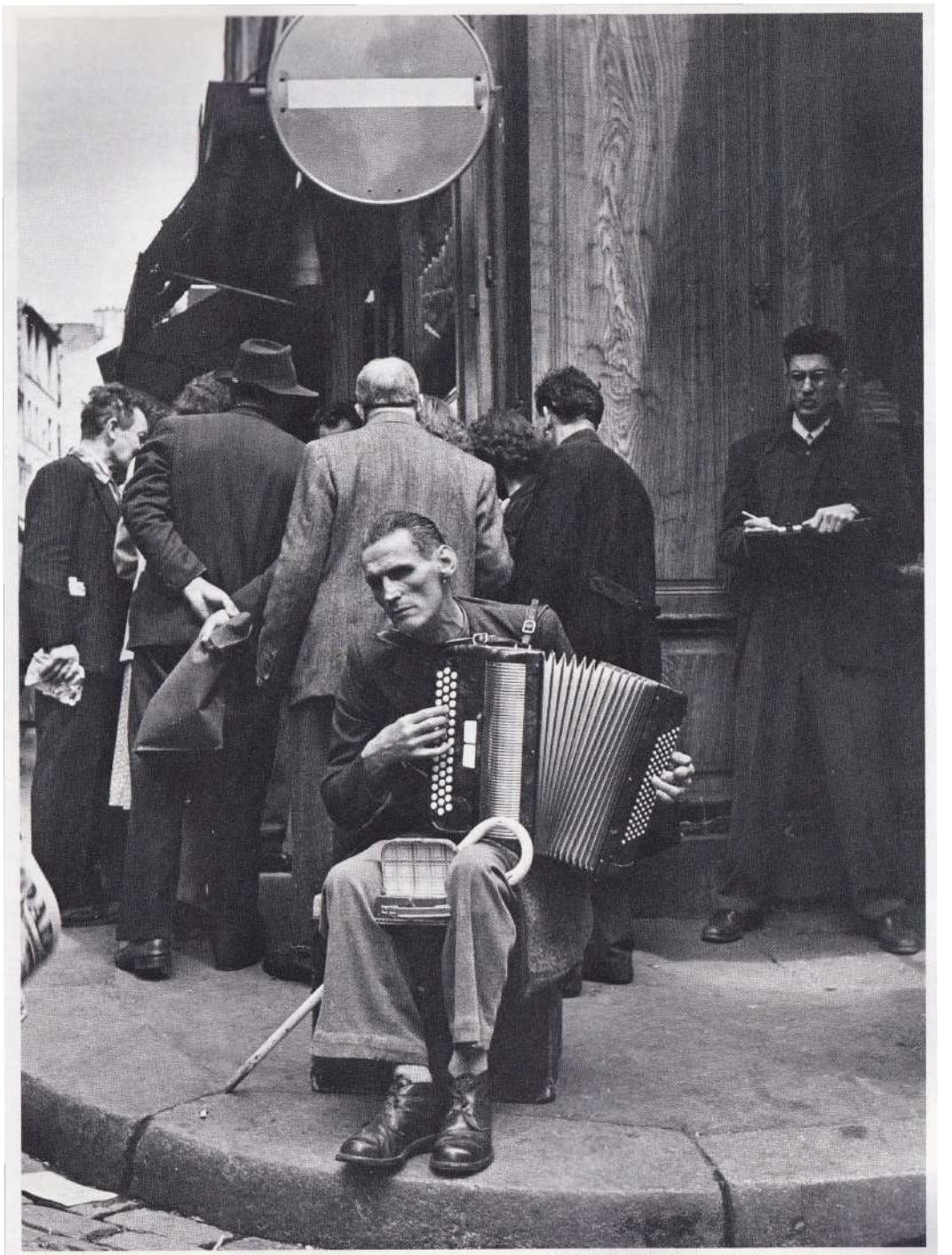
human foibles while the satirist tends to exploit them. Instead of deriding his subjects and thereby flattering his viewers, Doisneau reveals how innocently and easily the two roles can be exchanged. His Paris relates to its citizens as a pair of companionable old slippers fits one's feet. People and place are utterly rounded off and habituated to each other, a fact which gives them both a distinctive grace. Yet he superimposes upon this Paris and its suburbs another, treacherous environment which is neither invented nor a reality, but the suggestion of a comic mind.

In one image an old codger casts his fishing line *away* from the Seine. Seen from behind in another (*Le pigeon indiscret,* 1964), one of eight little boys using a pissoir has been singled out by a dove who perches on his head. What is one to make of the two young brothers walking on their hands? Or of the cop whose air of authority gets swallowed whole as he passes a gigantic stone mouth on boulevard Clichy? Doisneau's subjects are either endearingly oblivious to the illogic of their situation or else they tolerate it very well . . . which is even funnier. They live in a Paris jinxed here or there by an unseasonable change in the force of gravity, all the more suspicious because it is observed with such tact. To walk through Doisneau's city is to be foiled or undone in special ways, at any moment. At the same time, his courtesy is not only disarming, it's positively inviting, a mark of sly wit.

Doisneau is extremely well-known, an acknowledged master of 20th-century photography, and yet his imagery for over 40 years has been fondly taken for granted more than it has been studied for its actual depth. Doisneau himself may have been partly accountable for this, because the levity of his tone and the modesty of his style have helped to disguise a very reflective temperament. "If my work speaks," he says simply, "it does so by being a little less serious, a little less solemn, and by its lightness it helps people to live."[1]

His own life has been enriched with contrasted interests and experiences that have found their way intimately into his work. Now 70 years of age but looking more like 50, he punched a time clock at the Renault factory during the Depression, and has labored for *Vogue*. Literary peers such as Jacques Prévert and Blaise Cendrars were his longtime close friends, yet nothing makes him feel more at home than the camar-





Robert Doisneau, *L'accordéoniste de la rue Mouffetard* (Accordionist on the rue Mouffetard), 1951, black and white photograph.

aderie at zinc bars and cafes. Although cosmopolitan in his knowledge he describes, seemingly from the inside, the lives and gestures of the shopkeepers and artisans, the working classes of the suburbs, whose displacement from the city he keenly regrets, as well as the games of children, who run amok through his art. Their spirit animates much of what he does, as if here, too, he had privileged entrée . . . into an instinctual wonder from which his status as an adult—a very deliberate and patient adult—would remove him.

Nothing, from his point of view, could have been accomplished had he lacked patience, a sense of endless time at his disposal. Time is the resource Doisneau squanders in order to steep himself in a milieu. His work, for that reason, has a totally indigenous character, rare in world-class photography. That does not mean that he is slower or more persistent than others, but that he always plunges in from a definable position in social space. More than simply being on the side of the Parisians, he identifies with them; his patience has earned him the right to speak for a whole community. Paris is his place in a double sense: not only because he was born and raised there but because he has repossessed it in his art.

Loitering but not at loose ends, the photographer imagines himself as an angler in a propitious setting. ". . . They always say that a photographer is 'a hunter of images.' That is . . . flattering . . . it's virile, acquired power. Actually . . . we are really fishermen with hooks and lines!" There may initially be only a locale, a street

corner, rue Mouffetard, looked at as if it were a stage indifferently configured by pedestrians. Then, in a poignant moment, all passersby but one are seen turned away from a blind accordionist centered in a drama. The relationship between these two "actors," one who performs music in his darkness and one who sketches him from the rear, is highlighted by the averted crowd. Not only has Doisneau caught a voyeur in the voyeuristic frame of the photograph, he notes the contrast between two modes of artistic attention, visual and auditory. Even the sunlight that pours down to illuminate the musician, hooding the hollow sockets of his eyes, cooperates in the stagecraft of the action. The picture pivots on the basis of that which cannot be viewed—whatever attracts the bystanders away toward the edges, and the wheeze of the accordion—though both are sensed as vitally present.

The recurrent figure of the accordionist shares certain attributes with the straight man, but is in the end his opposite because of a genuine vulnerability. Doisneau tenders his respect for the privacy of all those who have to expose themselves in public. In one particularly memorable photograph from 1954, the martyr who endures the most callous and debasing humiliation and rises above it as he meditates on his exposure before the crowd is a monkey. As for those who cause the martyrdom, Doisneau calls them (in the picture's title) *Les animaux supérieurs*.

At the core of his vision is the theme of curiosity. People are forever looking at each other, regarding the photographer, or scrutinizing works of art. In doing so, they only mirror the kindred engagement of Doisneau himself, who is involved with a crisscross of sightlines and with an inspection of the human animal. For him, the mysteries and misadventures of nosiness define the initial terms of sociability. Before they behave as anything else, individuals act as inevitable objects of display to each other. When he is able to show people scandalized by a glimpse of such display—usually they are of the bourgeoisie—Doisneau obtains a comedy of manners. When he projects the shock of display outward, toward his viewers, he ventures into quandaries of social life which can approach the metaphysical.

Take, as an example, the picture of Monsieur Heraut, the art critic, from 1950. In a sense, this is a group portrait of one person, since the debonair but vaguely shabby subject stands in front of nine baby dolls hung on the wall, each with a Doisneau-photographed face of himself. In asking if this is a comment on middle-aged infantilism or a contrast between photography and reality, one is left only with the ridiculous dignity of the display. The same goes for the three guardian funeral workers bemused by Doisneau as they stand behind a casket with such a peculiar shape as to house only a snake. Because they seem genially at home in such very odd circumstances, these people raise questions that are either droll in that they are disconcerting or disconcerting since they are droll.

Out on the street, Doisneau's subjects generally go about their own business yet also seem to be inadvertently acting in a skit prepared for them or improvised by the photographer in the heat of the moment. Master of the ad hoc scenario, he lacks control over events but

carries insinuating ideas in his head. No one, seeing an artist painting on a Parisian bridge, would expect to find him working with a nude, as he apparently is in *Fox Terrier au Pont des Arts*, 1953. Behind him and closer to us, an inquisitive fellow appears to be equally puzzled. Never are people more open to surveillance than when they themselves are gazing at someone else, a fact which lends this picture its conspiratorial charm. There is considerable interest in discovering if the model is indeed unclothed—the artist himself blocks from view all but her foot—but there is greater mirth in not knowing. Then, too, there is the onlooker's dog who, like all canines self-conscious about the photographic act, may be only posing for his picture—or may in this case be truly a superior animal, alert to Doisneau's game.

Such shots grant viewers the privilege of belonging to an expanded audience which gives them a further spectacle than that enjoyed by anyone in the frame. But the original object of desire is teased out of sight, as if one had been listening to music that had all manner of variations but had withheld its theme. A true music lover was once defined as one who, upon hearing a beautiful woman singing in a bathtub, puts his ear to the keyhole. Out of moral scruples *and* artistic delicacy, Doisneau keeps the private presence from becoming a public sensation. By concealing the erotic secrets that he constantly invokes—in a process that is earthy and yet refined—he also assumes a place in a French tradition.

In one of the most famous photographs of the 20th century, his *Un regard oblique*, 1948, viewers have discerned a typically Gallic anecdote. Looking into an art gallery window, a middle-class wife is intrigued by a canvas front we don't see, while her husband, who wears a porkpie hat, ogles a painted female derriere on the wall. As a joke the scene is recommended only by its naughty ricochet, but it travels further than that, into a puzzle. For the 1890s nude that the husband gazes at, is herself peeking through a crack in the wall at an episode nicely left to our imagination (as is the painting seen by the wife). Doisneau has no trouble recruiting them all into his endless gallery of voyeurs, where he himself is active. More than that, all these players illustrate the infinite regress of the observant eye back into what the photographer has called the "religion of looking."

Doisneau says that he has often been asked the "silly question": what is his "wretched mania for taking photos . . . without a commission?".[2] He answers that it is purely instinct, "an irresistible urge to share with others the delight I've experienced through my eyes." That joy, he could have said, is founded on freedom, a freedom to seek and to act playfully, like a child.

Much of the world he describes is, of course, very grown-up, standardized in its mores, class structure, and conventions. In this zone, he's attracted to characters who slip up when normally guided by rules, or who construct their own rules and styles, like tramps, artists, lovers, and eccentrics. The lure of their behavior for Doisneau is not so much that it is antisocial as presocial, something which allows him to treat the constraints and hypocrisies of the social order as a happy butt of humor. It amuses him to include within that order

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creatures that are not at all human, but share our traits: his wise dogs, amorous statues, and "shocking scarecrows." Without its realist side, which summons up the toughness of Marcel Carné's films and the bittersweet lyrics of Edith Piaf, Doisneau's art would be incomplete; but it's the enchantment in his work that prevails. Just as his photos catch the underlying resemblances between animals and people, they also assume a likeness between subjects and viewers.

It's a hybrid vision with which we're dealing, an art so knowing that it can only express itself in quips and one-liners which fizz up all over again the moment we realize how cryptic they really are. To bring this off from a seemingly endless stock of epigrams, when everyone knows the artist is permitted only an inexhaustible supply of fragments, is an imaginative feat. With his concise ironies, which are so sophisticated that they look extremely ingenuous, Doisneau joins ranks with the brotherly work of Satie and Tati.

Yet when he actually looks at kids in their world, he has predictably little use for humor or irony. Their freedom from care is too serious to be treated as laughable. With them in mind, even Paris changes in aspect, becoming especially large in contrast to their smallness or particularly drab in relation to their radiance. Doisneau often presents the lives of their elders in terms of a theatrical metaphor, and of a popular theater at that—boulevard farce and vaudeville. Though natural performers, children have not yet learned guile nor given up their native dignity. Perhaps that is why Doisneau views them as existing in a state we once knew but can never re-enter, and therefore with a sense of loss that can only be poetic.

On the whole, children are pictured from further away than are adults, as if to have gotten closer would have been really intrusive. This slight increase in Doisneau's physical distance from the children amplifies an emotional longing which is sweet though it does not cease to be candid. Quite recently, Doisneau said that what he'd like to aim for now is "an isolated image whose contents possess the magic power of remembrance or memorialization. This does not happen just. . . with. . . people. There is light, too. . . . These images. . . stay near like a little tune. . . ." When looking at *L'aéroplane de Papa*, 1934, and *Le Manège de M. Barré*, 1955, one realizes that Doisneau has had that "magic power" all along, that, in the simplest way, he has long known how to turn a few shadows on a toy, or a glitter of sun through raindrops, into a music that evokes past time. A breeze has risen to flutter the hair and flap the collar of *L'enfant papillon*, 1945. One notices the dinginess of the suburban setting, the mud on the cobblestones, and the child's wrinkled leggings. But on his face, with its open mouth and bright eyes, there quickens a luminous joy. Had he wished, Doisneau, in this one instant, could have rested his case for a photography whose "lightness. . . helps people to live." Fortunately for us all, he didn't. ■

DRUG BAG

SHE'S IN AWE
OF MY TISM

IF YOU SEE DA' POLICE
WARN A BROTHER

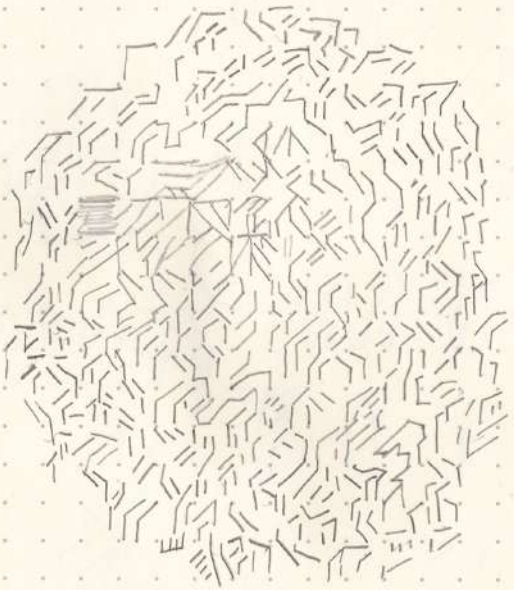
Breaking News
↓ READ MORE ↓
Men's Thoughts and Wishes

SPRITS

DORCHESTER BATTLES GRAFFITI PROBLEM

KYS
WRONG

ZOOTWOR



MEMORY IS A POOR
EXCUSE FOR THE
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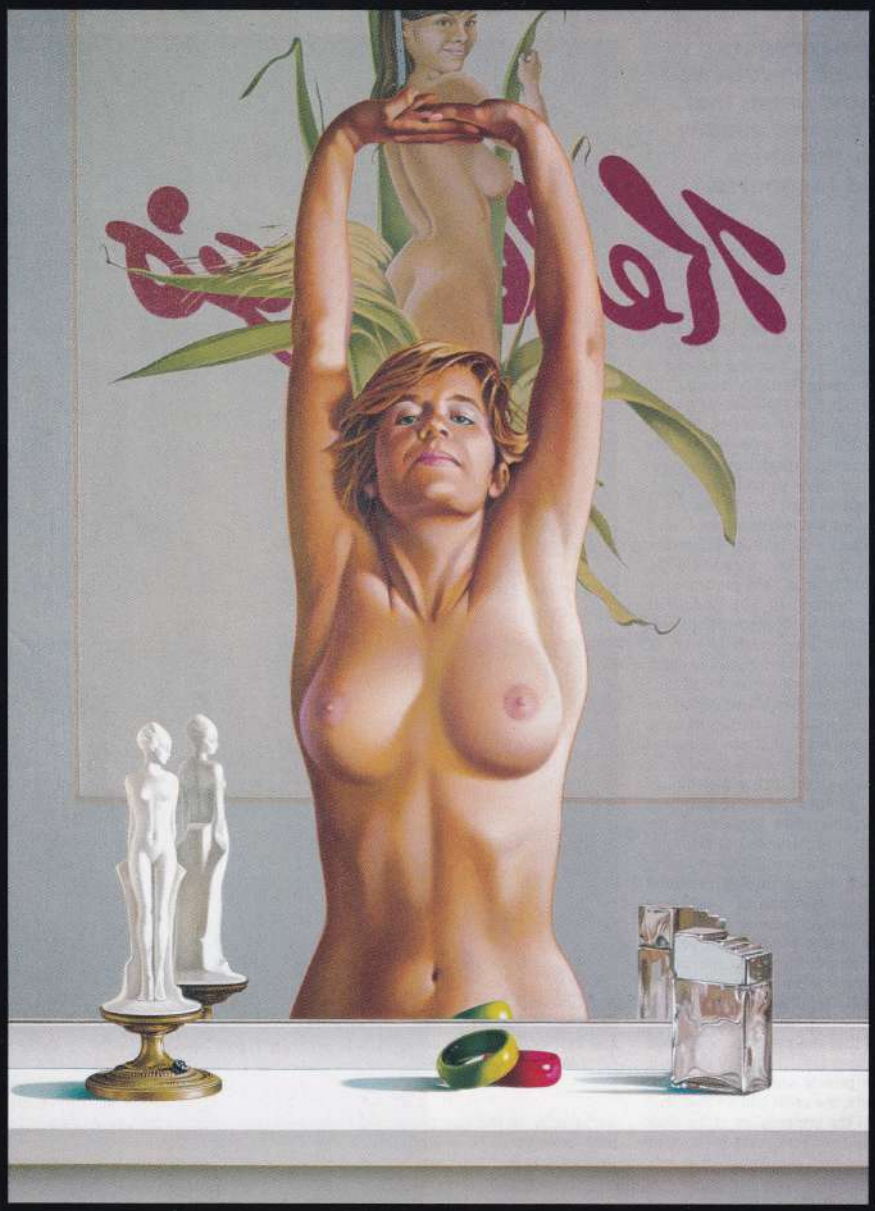


Mel Ramos "Young Girl Before A Mirror #2" 1987 48" x 35" Oil on Canvas

MEL RAMOS

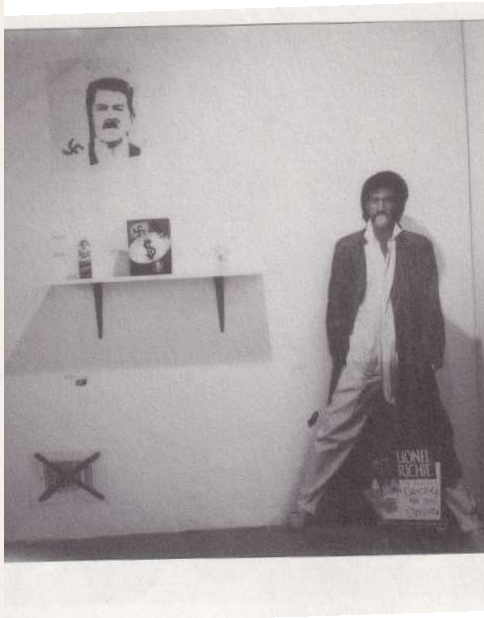
IS REPRESENTED BY LOUIS K. MEISEL GALLERY, 141 PRINCE ST., NYC

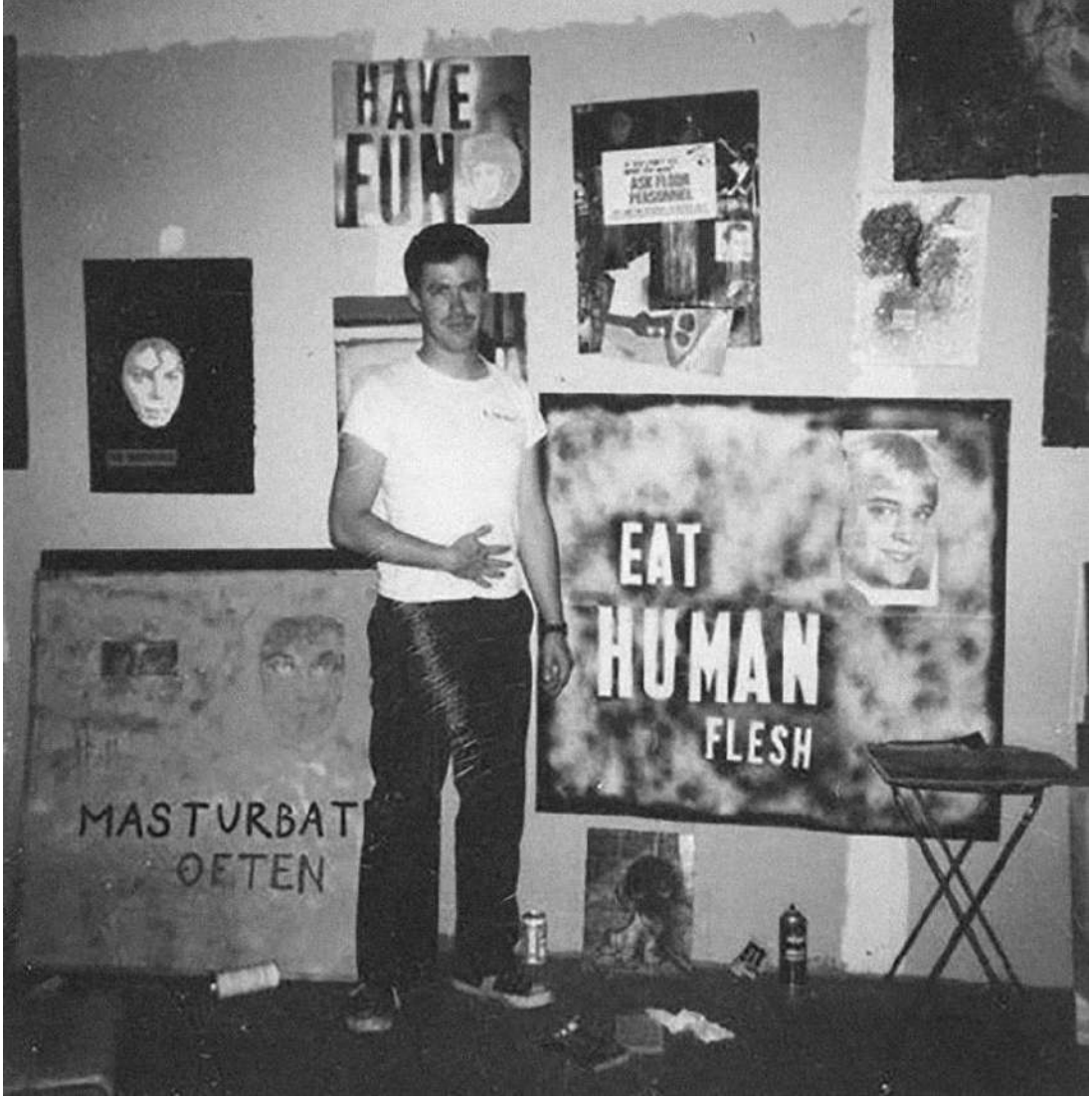
There will be an exhibition entitled "Beauty and the Beast" four paintings from 1971-1972, February 4 - 25, 1989

There will be an exhibition of new work including above illustration November 4 - 25, 1989

HOLLAΨ KUDOS

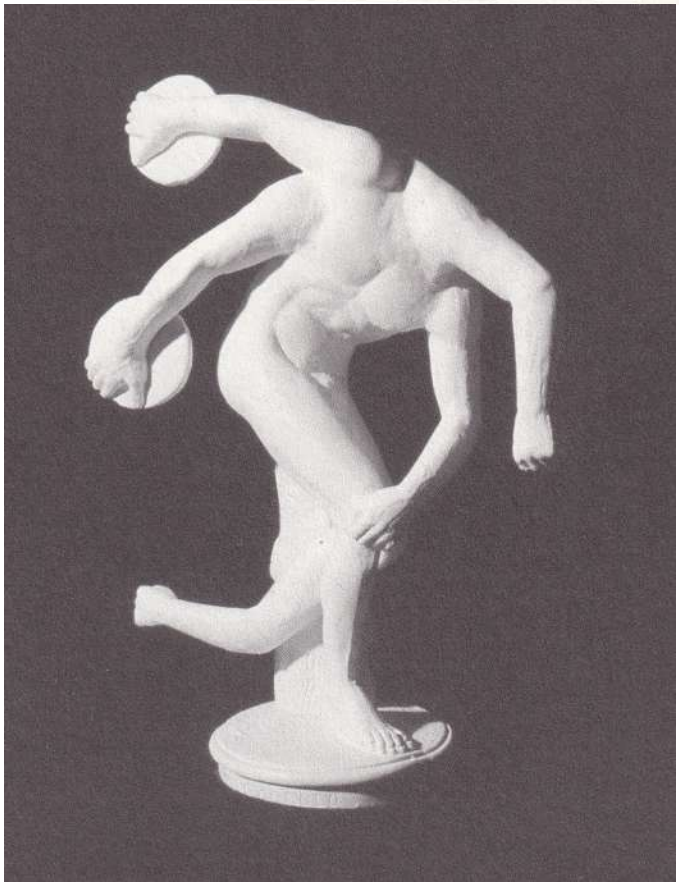
He started where he could, exhibiting as soon as he was able to collect the work and organize the venue. *Vandalism: Defacements and other Alterations* [Fig. 5] opened on October 24, 1987, at Screen Memories, a new art space Mark was asked to run in a studio complex on Commerce Street in Houston's warehouse district.[5] The show was presented as a group show and produced with material Mark had gathered from an assortment of local "makers" and from the streets and dumpsters of Houston. The exhibition included reworked billboards and postcards, magazines and television shows, jewelry, advertisements, schoolbooks, record jackets, labels, name tags, street signs, a spray can, a paper cup, and a telephone receiver. It was a focused assimilation of as wide a spectrum of the social world as he could manage. In a nod to classic Situationist *détournements*, Mark included a number of comic strips collected from punk zines, their dialogue erased and replaced with handwritten texts, such as the reworked panel that reads, *Boss, she doesn't understand how nicely you exploit us*. [Fig. 6]

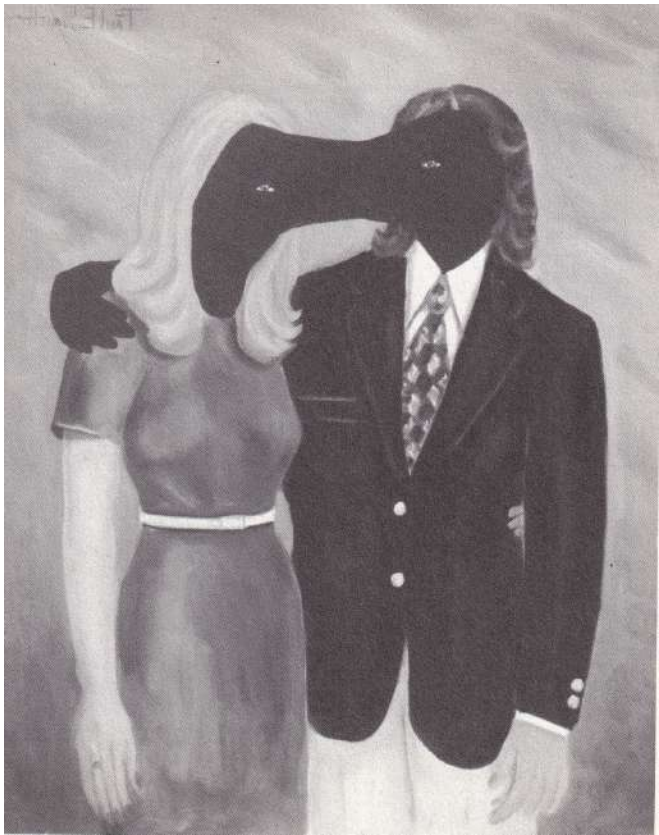




Imperatives opened on January 7, 1989, at GVG Gallery, an experimental gallery run by Houston artist Rory Clare. Featured predominately were the voices of the gods, delivered through commands like EAT HUMAN FLESH, MASTURBATE OFTEN, DESTROY YOUR BODY, and COMMIT SUICIDE. Many of the works paired the phrases with celebrity idol faces, but the real focus of the show was on the text. One hundred advertisements torn from magazines were installed in the entry hallway, displaying the omnipresence of these commands in the media. [Fig. 20] In a May 1989 interview, Mark said, "I don't think we are blindly manipulated by media. Everyone looks at media manipulation with a sense of irony. We don't necessarily believe everything we see, but we accept and enjoy it."[11]

On April 12, 1989, in a story infamous to those familiar with this period, Houston police raided the punk rock house at 108 Oak Place on suspicion of drug trafficking. What they found shocked them. John Ramos, the Culturcide bass player, lived there, and Mark had given him the EAT HUMAN FLESH painting from *Imperatives*. To his delight, Ramos had hung it above the couch. When the cops busted in, they thought they had broken into a satanic ring. The members of the house were handcuffed and held there for several hours. Local TV news crews were allowed to enter the scene and interview them while they were in custody. EAT HUMAN FLESH was confiscated by the police and never returned. When Mark showed up at the house the day after the raid to try to retrieve his painting, the press was still there, and he was identified as the artist responsible for the work. The painting was on the news cycle for weeks, featuring prominently in the opening montage for a FOX 26 *City Under Siege* segment on Satanism. Due to the hysterical publicity that Mark and his painting received, when his show *Celebrity Idolatry* opened at Commerce Street less than a month later, on May 5, 1989, nearly a thousand people showed up. Mark got a taste of what was possible, fueling his drive to stoke the fire and stir the mud.





ALL FOR ONE

A · NEW · WAY · OF · EXPRESSION

DEMO (1988)

SNL JAM
EMPTY FRAMES
MY RELEASE
TIME TO GROW
GETTING THROUGH
CHANGING SEASONS
BE STRONG
ALL FOR ONE

EX

REACH
OUT

1988 DEMO

STRAIGHT FOR LIF
IN VAIN
SOLUTION
NOW YOUR SORRY
DOWNWARD BOUND
REACH OUT
LOSE TO GAIN
TIME
ALTERNATIVE
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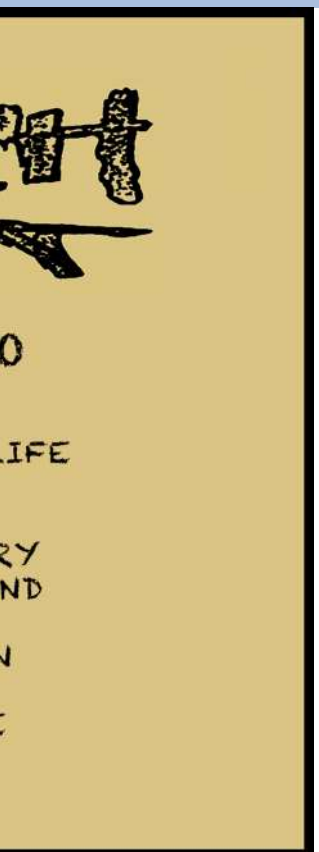
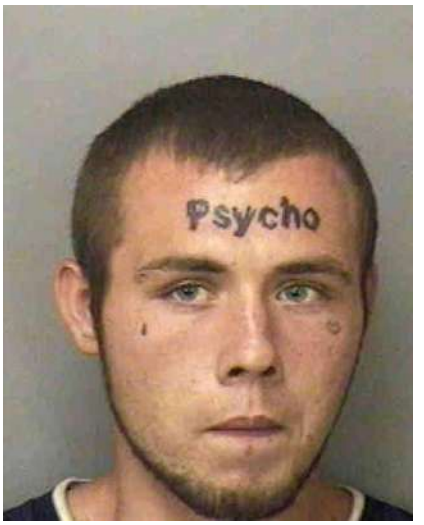
A NEW WAY OF
EXPRESSION 7" (1989)

TIME TO GROW
RETURN
EMPTY FRAMES
RISE UP
CRACK IN THE WALL
CHANGING SEASONS





TROPICAL

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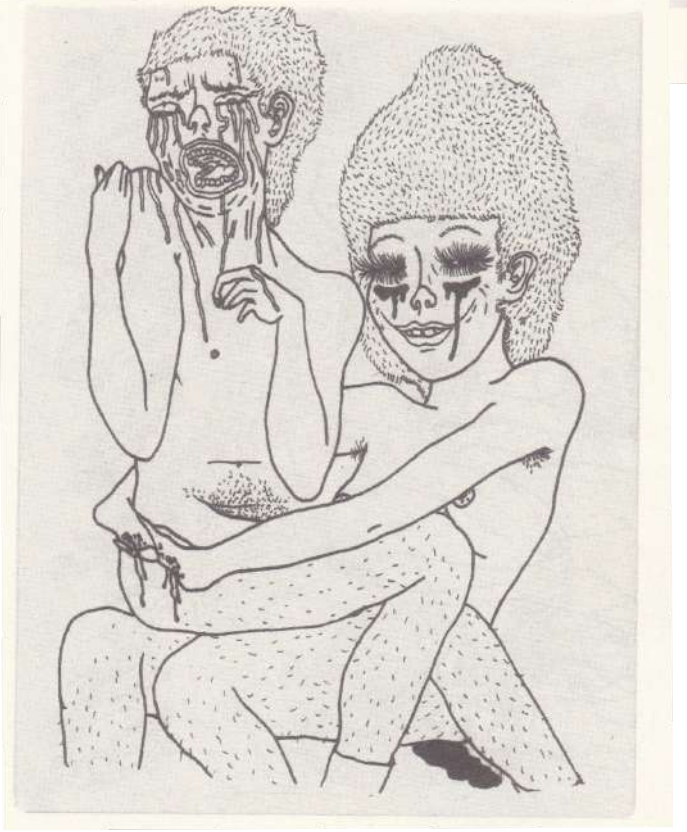
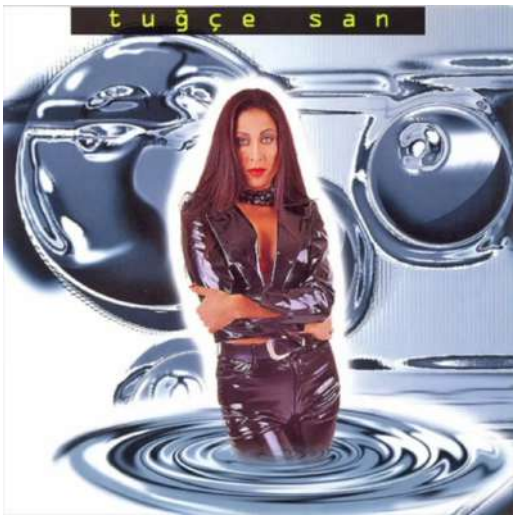


step by step: how to steal bus stop posters

Depending on your city's public transportation facilities you may be able to decorate your room with huge posters of high fashion ads with hot babes like Claudia Schiffer or hit movies like "Batman" or, as in our case, "3 Ninjas." Bus stop posters are five feet tall and almost four feet wide, so with just 2 or 3 you can wallpaper your whole room. The posters are secured by nothing more than a few tiny allen screws. The only catch is that the screws have little posts in the middle so regular allen wrenches won't fit them. To unscrew them all you need is a 4mm allen wrench with its tip drilled out in the middle. You can also use a pair of pliers to loosen them by gripping the heads of the screws which stick out slightly. This is usually more difficult especially if they're screwed on tight. A sledge hammer also works but is not recommended. 1-Find a good poster to steal. 2-Exit car and unscrew all screws holding glass door shut. 3-Open glass door. 4-The posters are fastened by a thin strip of metal on top which falls when you pull them out. Hold poster and pull straight down. This is important since pulling it down at an angle can cause the metal strip to rip a hole through the poster when it falls. 5-Roll up poster. 6-Stuff poster in car. 7-Drive away.



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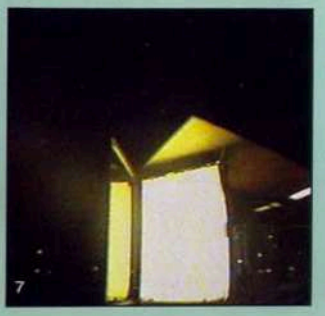
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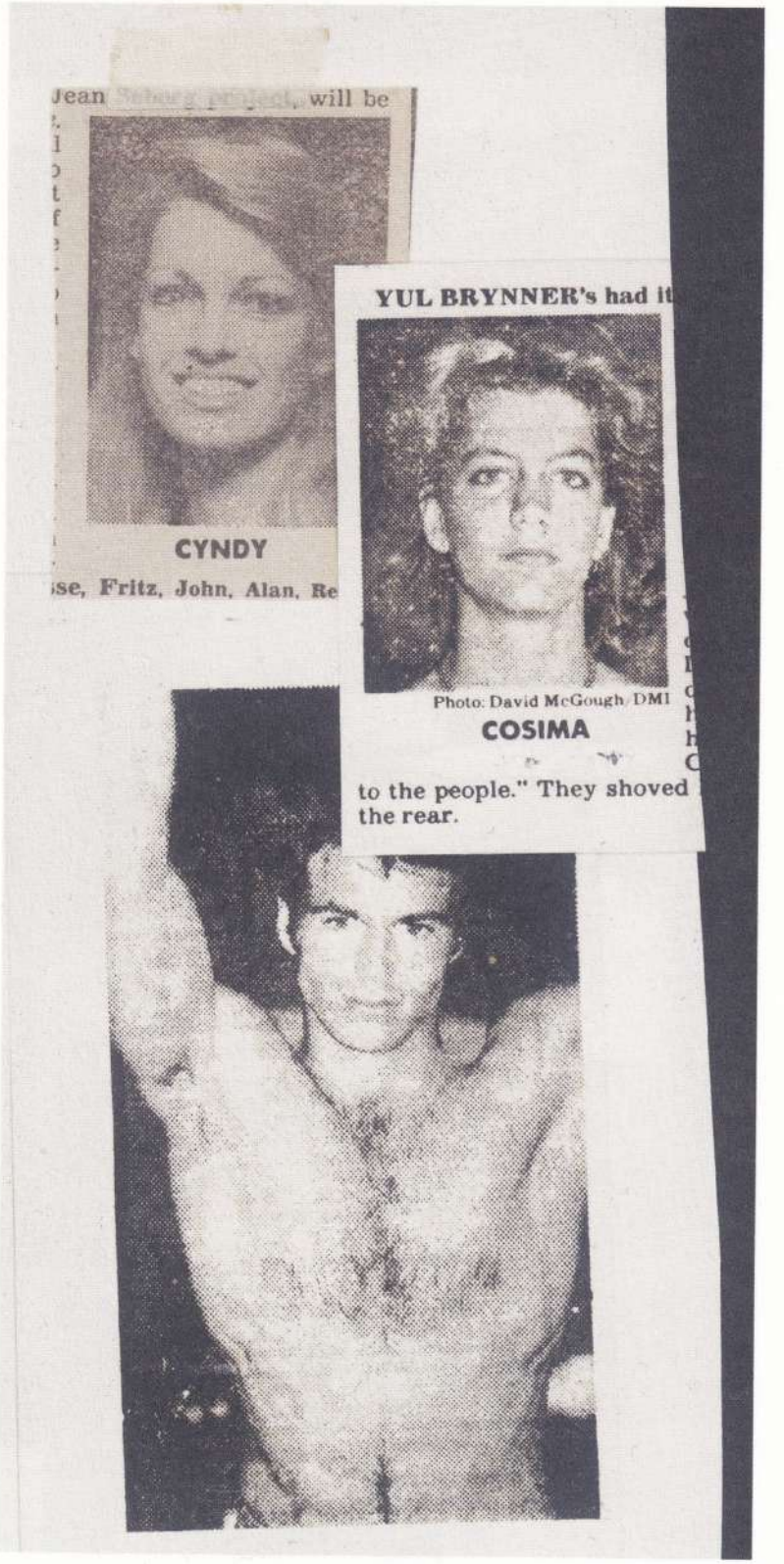
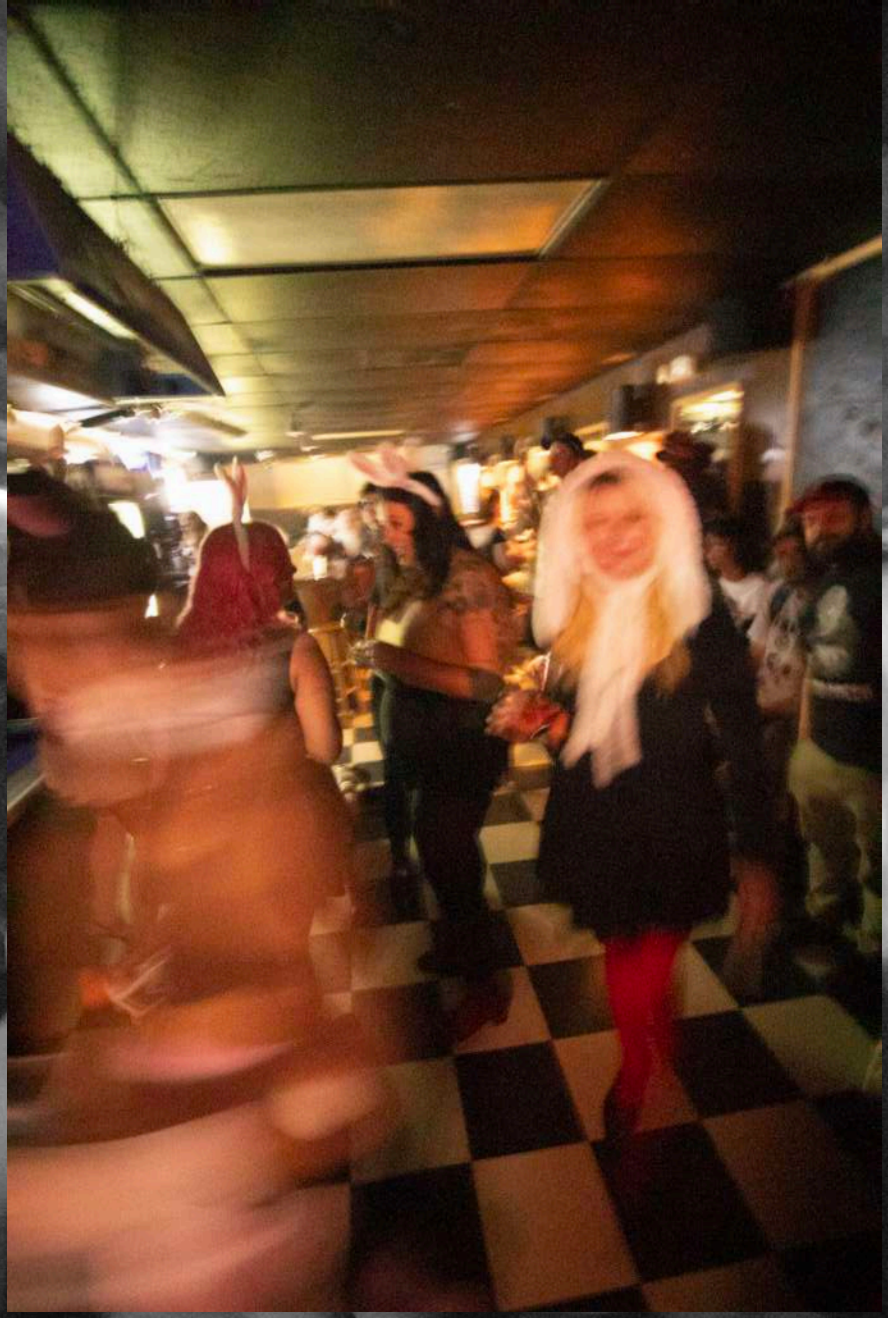
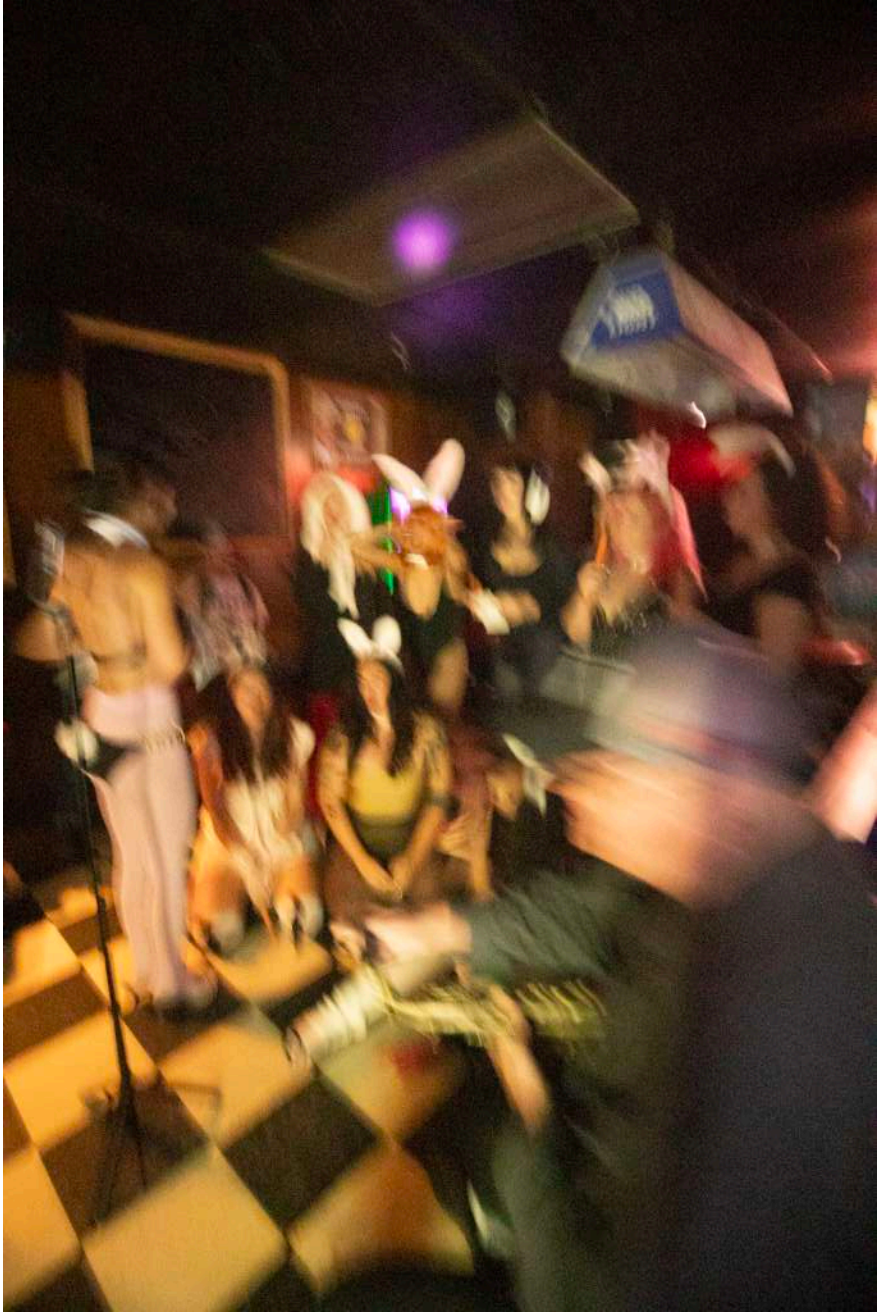




At Heaven's gate

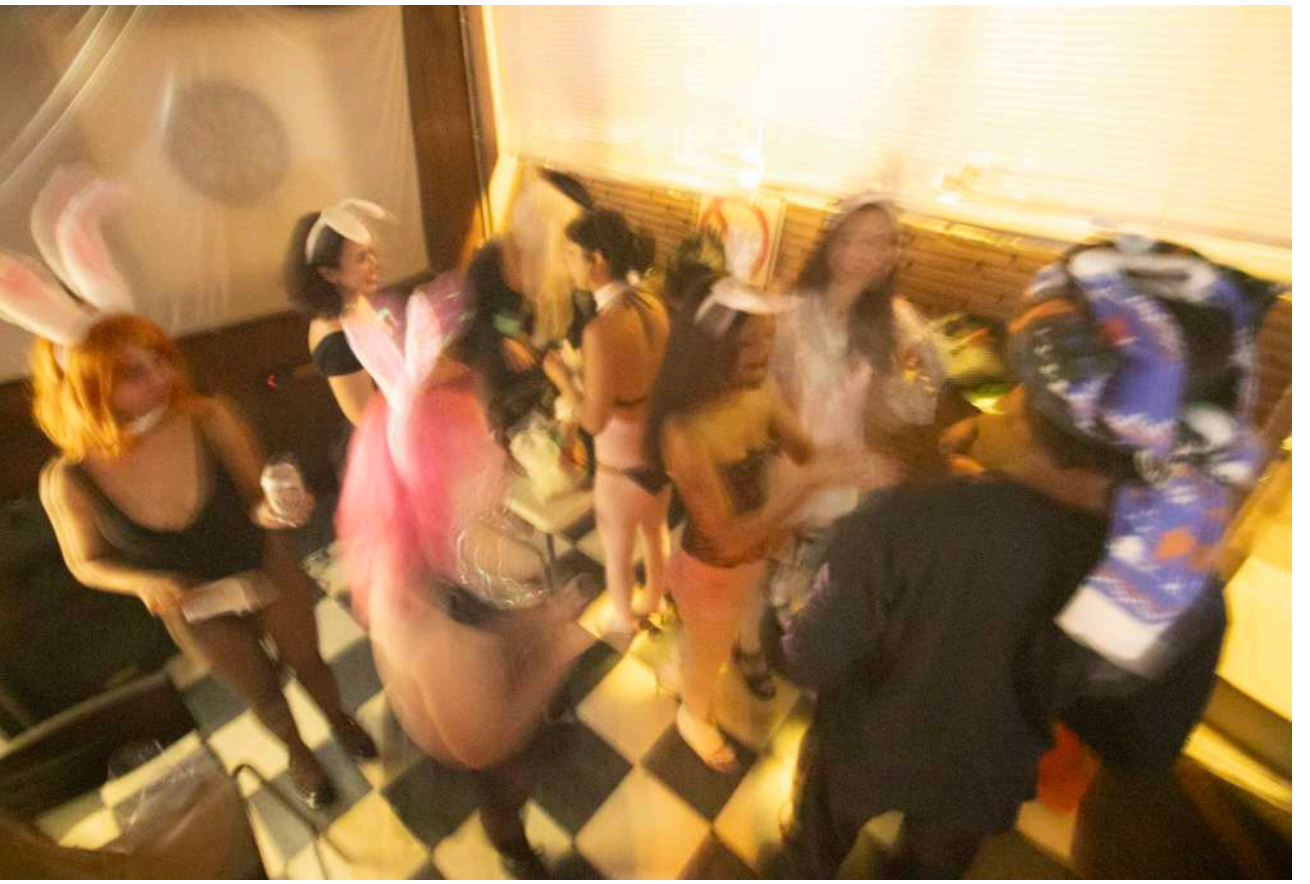
Miami's tumultuous all female chorus



"Why you hating from outside the pearly gates? You cant even get in."

Just north of the city limits of Miami, Florida, in a nondescript little shopping plaza, sits a dive bar on the far corner. Established in 1997, it is simply named, “The Club”. Below the faded marquee of “The Club”, stylized in an all capital Roman font, are 2 chain locked metal chairs. You need to be buzzed in to enter the bar. Black and white checkered floors. To the immediate right is a space the size of a king sized mattress where they have DJs, metal , punk and noise acts perform. They host the International Noise Conference (INC) there. Behind the bar is Trish, a sweet older woman who makes it a point to get everyone’s name, who has been working there since the early days of The Club.

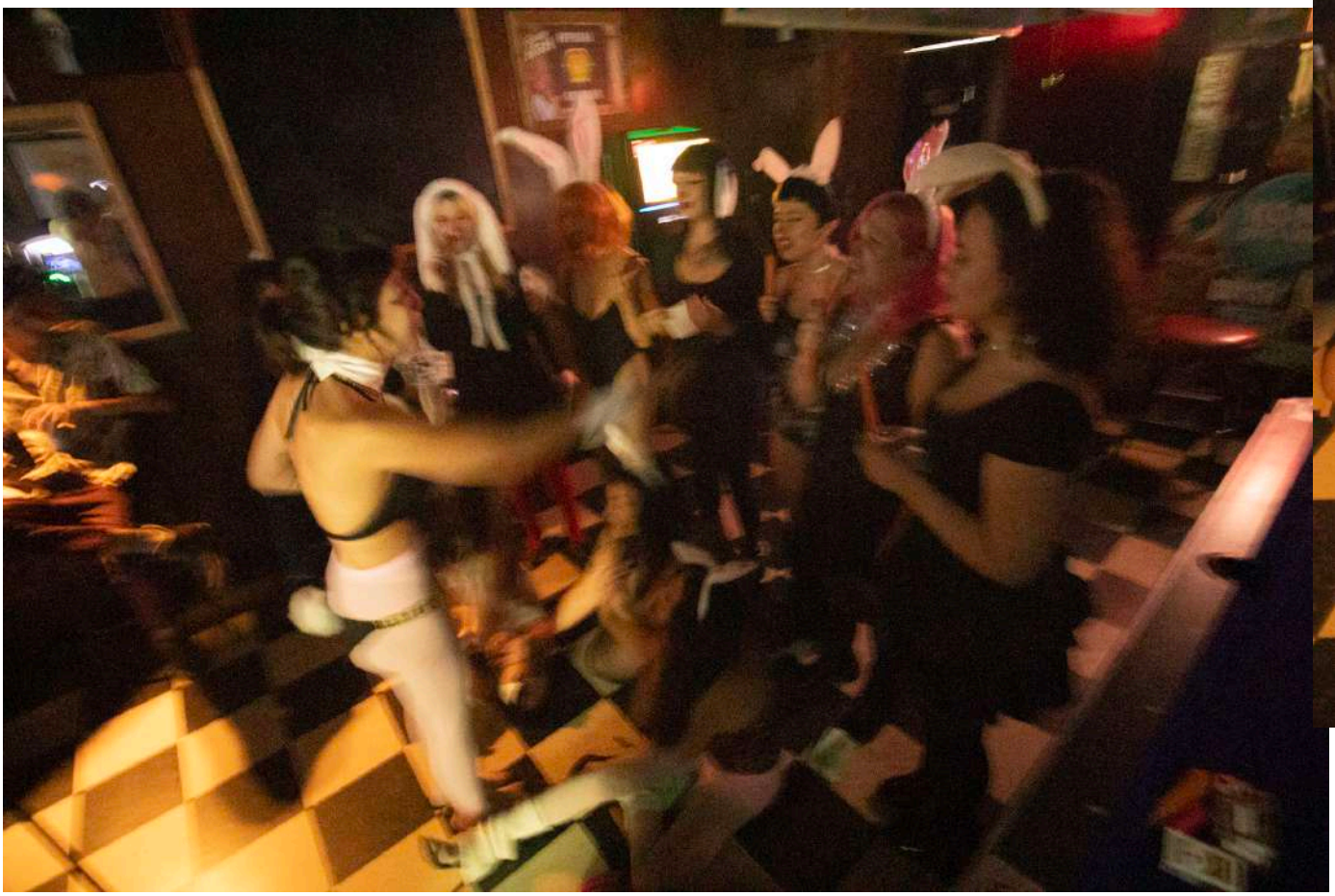
Other than INC and other live performances, is Girl Heaven. A “noise choir” consisting of a dozen or so women conducted by Thalia Morales. I rode my bike 7 miles to see the act.

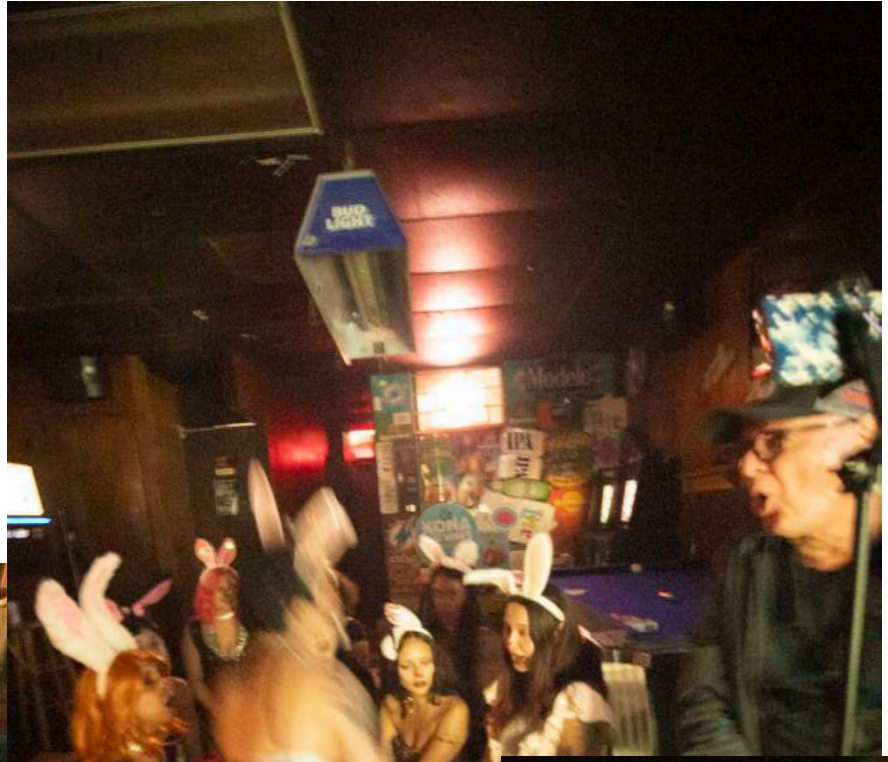


For the evening's performance, the girls were dressed as rabbits (I mean, bunnies) decked out in leotards, bunny ears and carrots used as prop microphones. They gathered in the back by the pool table for an impromptu photo shoot before the show. Kenny Millions, a legend in the the noise/avant garde music scene, was their special guest collaborator for the evening, a 74 year old man sitting alone, drinking seltzers.

sidenote: Kenny would eventually come alive and blare screeching saxophone noises in the bunnies faces

Thalia led the group in warming up their voices, harmonizing and controlling pitch and magnitude. The bunnies lined up next to the pool table in 3 rows. They performed their rendition of Britney Spears' "Lucky" where Thalia would have a group of 3 girls repeating "she's so lucky" while another group repeated "she's a star" with emphasis and elongated R's and a last group doing "but she cry, cry, cry" incessantly. She walked around the groups guiding and conducting. The maestro with the carrot wand, directing the bunnies on word repetition , crying, tone, pitch and volume. She would quietly ask a member "Why is she crying?" , "Why is she a star?" , nurturing the performance. Waves of different words, colic screaming and crying, sounds in patterns repeating for an extended period of time left the audience in a euphoric, slightly uncomfortable state.

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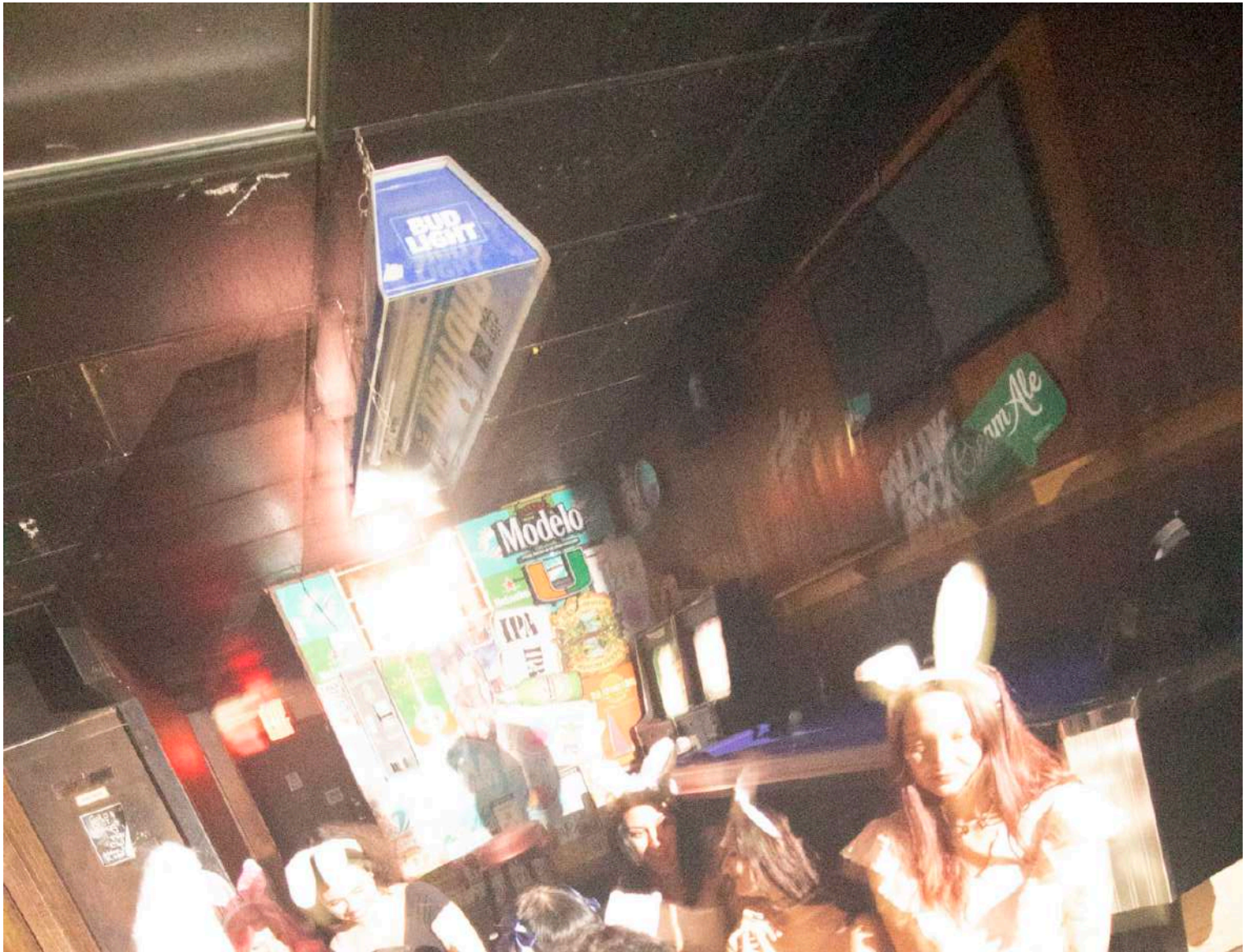
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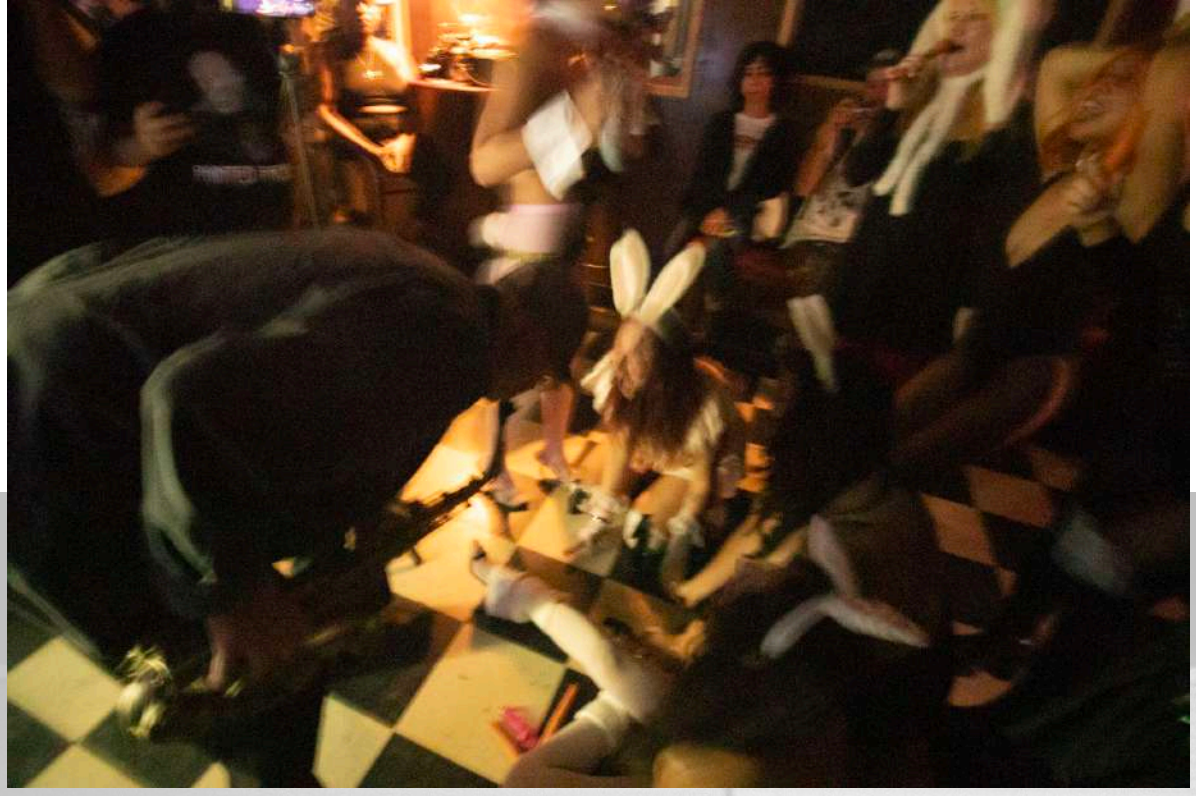


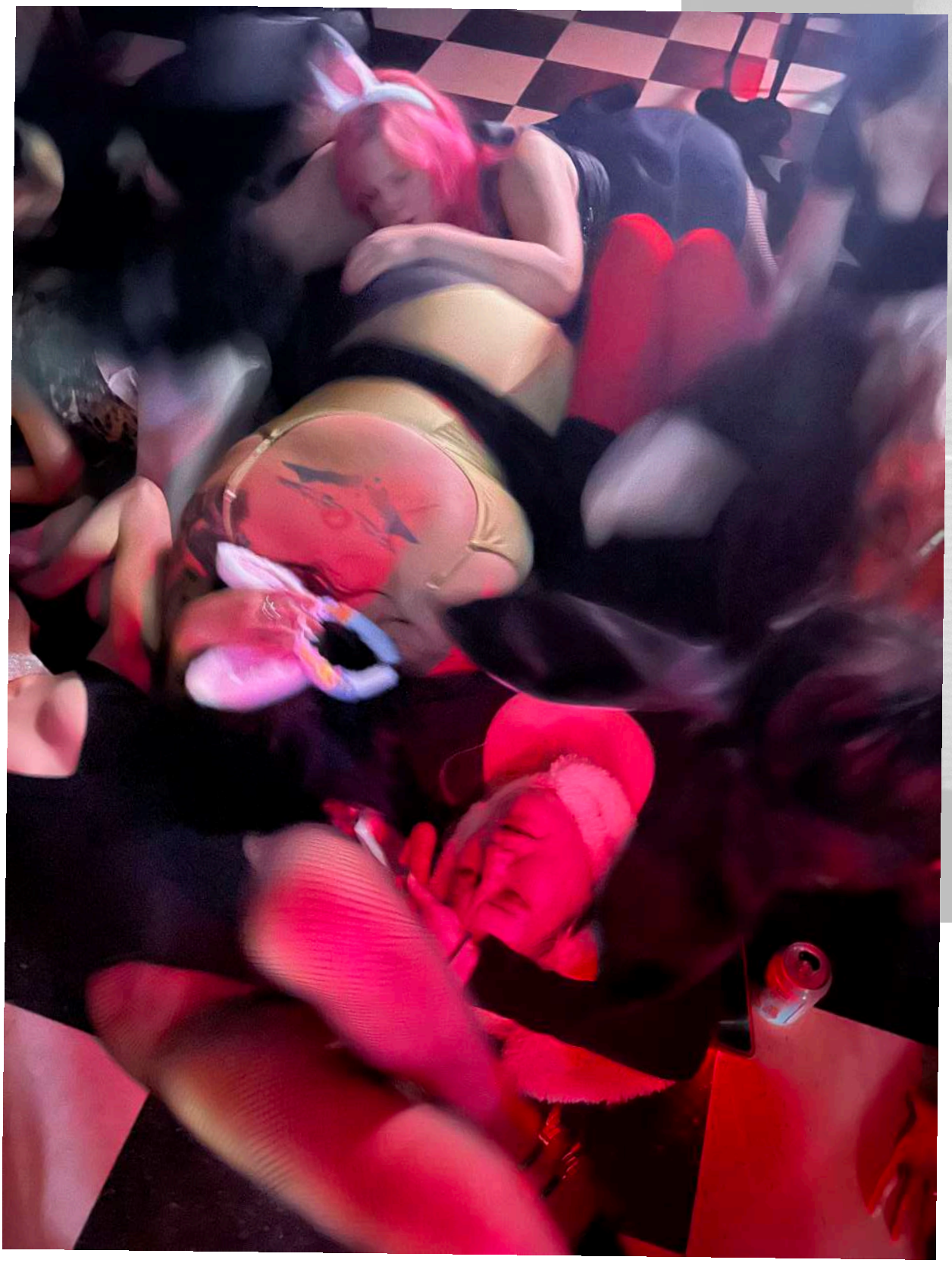
The next song was “Lovesick Blues” by Hank Williams Jr. For the song, Thalia led part of the choir in a bassy repetition of “I’ve got the blues” as another group of bunnies sobbed emphatically. One by one, they were directed to weep and crawl on the ground until they were all entangled in one large mound of flesh, squirming, screaming and crying in a blob of bunny mess slithering on the floor inducing a sense of awe from the enacted anguish and pain of the spectacle. Then it was over.

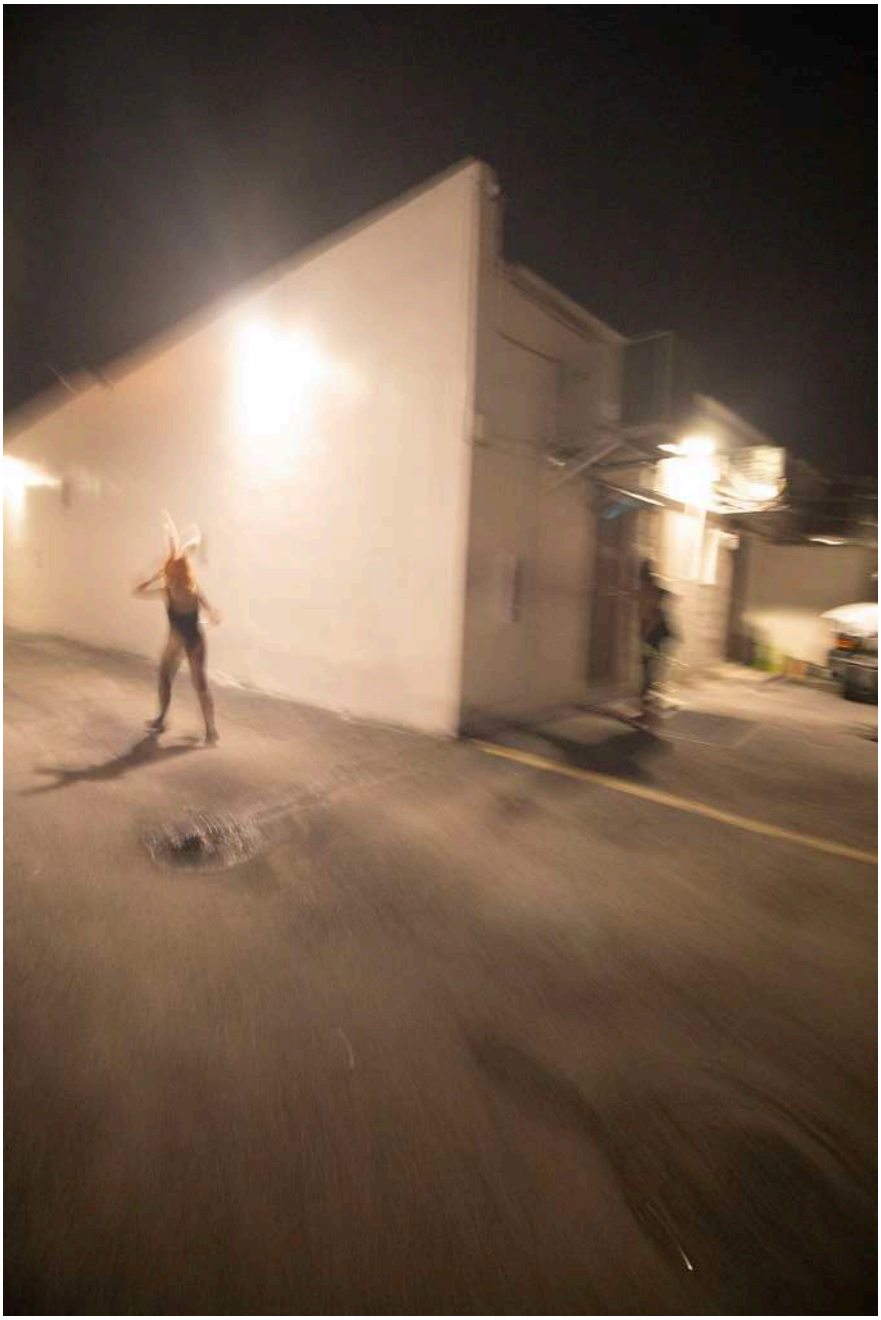
many ppl ask me what girl heaven is without realizing they’re already in it, and that i’m the one asking me what it is, and that there’s no way to define it without ruining it, so i’m not going to do that here or ever!

1. GIRL HEAVEN DOESN’T EXIST; it is existence.
2. the Choir is actually the Conductor, and vice versa.
3. everything begins & ends in ecstatic sob.

long live female hysteria, and when two stars crash in space but no one showed up to the show was the universe still born? obviously.

From the Girl Heaven non-festo





They performed 3 songs in the span of 40 minutes. A cathartic experience. I left afterward and rode my bike 100 blocks south back to the city in a trance.

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